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A POLITICAL DISCUSSION.

IN the subjoined illustration our artist represents a characteristic group of freedmen in the streets of Richmond, engaged in the discussion of the political situation. It is by no means an unfamiliar scene. The colored men, knowing how intimately connected their race has been with the political conflicts of the last twenty years, with the origin of the rebellion, and with the problem of "reconstruction," naturally take a great interest in politics; and in some of the Southern States they hold the balance of power.

It will be seen, by a reference to our picture, that there is a difference of opinion. The wood-sawyer, on the left, is doubtless a Conservative; his opponent, the white-washer, is a Republican; while the negro seated on the right is a silent auditor, ready to acquiesce in whichever opinion gains the mastery. The earnestness of the argument is shown in the countenances and in the attitude of the disputants and of their listener. The picture, considered simply as a work of art, has merits of a very high order. The action is natural, and each member of the group is given a distinct individuality. The treatment of the subject is not less happy than its selection.

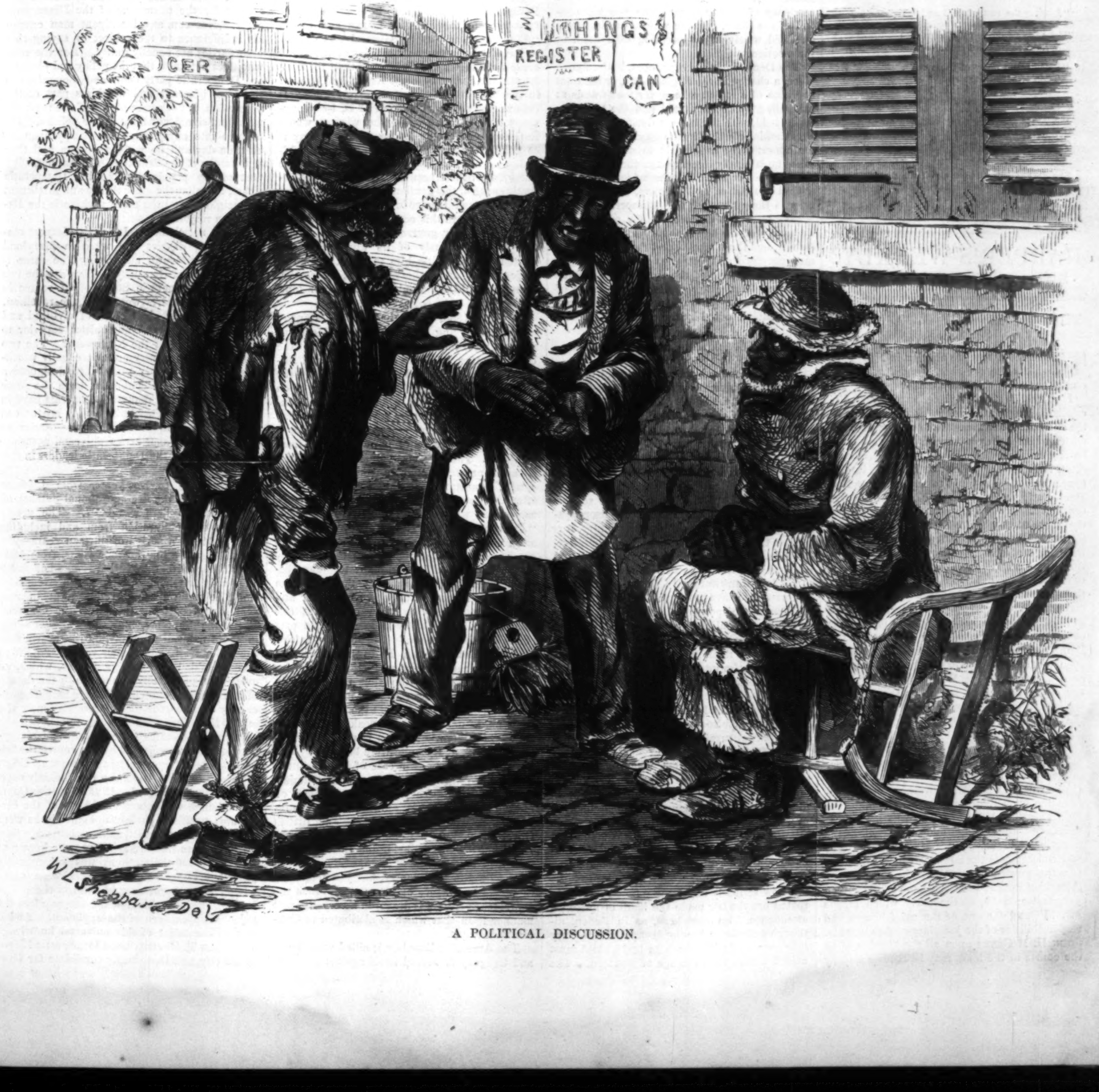
THANKSGIVING.

AGAIN the night-season of the natural year has come round to us—the time when, her fruits having been gathered up, the earth folds up and puts aside her green garments, and lays down to her winter's rest. At this time, when ripeness passes so quickly into decay, man snatches eagerly to secure for himself so much as he can of Nature's gifts. This work having been accomplished, he has leisure for reflection. He can now look upon the process, by which the dead earth gives us back manifold what we have lent her, as the yearly wonder of God. It is fitting that this should be the season of Thanksgiving. But not only the agriculturist finds this season an occasion of thanksgiving; the merchant and the manufacturer, also, have profited by the abundant harvests of the autumn. These are positive reasons for thanksgiving; but, besides these, we have to remember with gratitude that no great pestilence, no wasting famine, no destructive natural convulsion, no financial panic have visited us.

The illustrations which we publish this week on pages 744 and 745, apropos to this national festival, need no interpretation on our part. That on page 744 is a typical representation of the season and of the occasions for thanksgiving. The engraving on page 745, "Uncle Sam's Thanksgiving," represents the larger and more cosmopolitan features of the occasion.

SEMI-DETACHED WIVES.

A MARRIED man, after a time, appears to forget how much a woman, and especially a woman who is a lady, desires small attentions to the very last. He seems to believe, at any rate, that his wife does not care for them at his hands. Women do not forget the season of courtship; and it would not be too much to say that an ideal marriage should be a constant courtship, or else the romantic theory of marriage falls to the ground altogether. But supposing a man marries a fool, and doesn't discover the fact for some time. Then it is well worth his while to try and improve the fool into a tolerable companion; for even a foolish wife can make herself excessively unpleasant to the wisest and most philosophic of husbands; and in successful cases the women will be grateful for the teaching. The man who wants to win his wife to at least sense (or nonsense) enough to love him has often all his work before him, even after he has placed the marital ring on her finger. She may then only be a semi-detached wife. We can give no definite recipe for the curative process. Circumstances would demand a constant change of ingredients. The shrew should be tamed, if possible, by soft means; but she should be tamed. The indifferent woman, with her soul occupied only with thoughts of the millinery hung upon her body, should—but we can not advise on these points, and, besides, it is more than probable that the balance of incompatibility inclines to the side of the husband. Women should not be difficult to win when once wed, although, strange to say, it has happened to many a woman to live and bear children to a man without a stronger feeling for him than one of duty or of gratitude, perhaps, for social consequence. For the men who like their wives semi-detached there is nothing to be said; there is no accounting for tastes, and it is possible at least to conceive a gentleman of cool disposition resenting the familiarities of a wife as a claim for privileges not contemplated by him when entering upon the married state. They run a risk if their wives are young, as there is sure to be a revolt sooner or later.



A POLITICAL DISCUSSION.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SOIL.

Again through crisping fields she comes,
The Spirit of the Soil,
To bring to labor's peaceful homes
The fruits of trust and toil.

A mystery of earth and air,
Cool morns and noonday heat,
With sunlight in her golden hair,
And dust upon her feet.

She stands beside the threshold stone:
His brow the father lifts;
He knows her by his faith alone,
The children, by her gifts.

"I bring the roots," she says, "whose length
Of downward thrust was stayed
By no cold clay's unbroken strength
Below the reach of spade.

"They hold my life in every pore,
My health in ring and grain,
A fervor from earth's central core,
A coolness from the rain.

"I bring the vineyard's purple gift
From lightened trellis bars,
The orchard's, whose bowed branches lift
Their free hands to the stars.

"My blood has passed to clustered lobe
In drops of living wine;
The perfume of each dusky globe
The orchard bears is mine.

"I called the healing sun to lean
Above the mildew's death;
The wind that drew their flavors keen
Was wakened by my breath.

"I bring the yellow corn unspeared,
The bean with purple eye,
The barley with its mighty beard,
The amber wheat and rye.

"I went before when stone and root
Were routed from the land;
I heard the plowman's muffled foot,
The sower's whispering hand.

"My strength, born of primeval rock,
Is given to ear and leaf;
I am the fullness of the shock,
The ripeness of the sheaf.

"I bring the nut whose guarded oil
Is sweet in crooked cell;
There comes a night-time of the soil
Whose day-time it shall tell.

"I bring the rest of field and lea,
That watch and wait no more;
The calm of heaven's ethereal sea
Whose ships have come to shore.

"I bring the glory of the woods,
The softness of the sun,
The tender amethyst that floods
A world whose work is done—

"A sense that now the earth and air
Withdraw the asking palm—
The sweet fulfillment of a prayer,
The answer of a psalm."

She dropped her treasures on the floor,
Her peace within his breast,
And from the thankful toiler's door
Passed to her winter rest.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, November 20, 1869.

THE MEANING OF DEMOCRATIC SUCCESS.

THE result of the late election in New York suggests the question, what does Democratic success in this State mean?

It means, in the first place, an arbitrary discrimination against the equal political rights of the citizens of the State. The question was submitted whether the property qualification should be removed from a class of voters which, as a class, is in no way inferior in industry, intelligence, and good conduct to any other, and by Democratic votes the property qualification was continued. No one, however, was surprised that those votes were cast against equal rights; for as the Democratic policy ten years ago was the most stolid submission to the dictation of the slavery interest, so now it is a stupid effort to retain as much as possible of the taint which that system has left upon our national character and professions. Every great measure looking to the extension of freedom and fair play in this country has been stubbornly resisted by the Democratic party. Every encroachment made upon the equal rights of innocent citizens has been the work of the Democratic party. In our history it will be known as the party of slavery: the party to which the ignorant and the prejudiced were sympathetically drawn, and which, under the name of Democracy, endeavored to obstruct liberty.

The Democratic success in this State means, in the second place, the maintenance of the power of a ring, of which the Governor, by his proclamation upon the frauds and his signing the Erie Directors bill, is shown to be the instrument, and which places upon the bench of the Superior Court Mr. John H. M'Cunn. The judicial bench is the last resort under the laws in a free government. What the character of American courts, what the fame of American judges would be, if the party which selects Mr. M'Cunn for one of the chief honors and responsibilities of the judiciary could place Mr. John H. M'Cunns upon all the benches of all the courts in the land, may be readily seen by contemplating the official career of that magistrate. If the judiciary of the city of New York is an honor to the State and a glory to the country—if it is not a by-word and a derision—if it is not understood that the bench is a market, that rich men may have what judgments they will, and the worst miscreants escape by the connivance of the judges—if its ermine is unspotted even with suspicion, and its decisions every where profoundly respected, it is because of the men whom the Tammany Ring place upon the bench. Every vote cast for the Democratic party was cast for the power which has made the present renown of the New York city courts.

The Democratic success in this State means, in the third place, if it should be complete, and the Legislature in both branches should be of that party, the overthrow of the best parts of the present municipal government. The Metropolitan Police system is bitterly opposed by the Democrats. All the Commissions have been rigorously denounced by them, and they have sought power to restore the city, as they claim, to its own control. That is to say, the party following its policy and pledges will place in the hands of the Tammany Ring the control of all the great interests of the city—its police, its health, its Fire Department, its Croton Board, its Central Park. It may be presumed that a power which makes such judges as we see will make a corresponding police.

Whether the order, the health, the personal safety, the security of property will be better cared for by the Tammany authorities, the experience and reflection of sober men will declare. How long an election in the city will be possible which will not be morally invalid by the knowledge of a vast system of fraud, so long as those authorities have unchecked control, may be inferred from what the most unscrupulous Democratic paper in the country says of certain Tammany leaders: "He saw," says the editor, speaking of himself, "by what shameless and cunning frauds such corruptionists of the Ring as William M. Tweed and Oakey Hall cut down below its level the rightful vote of the electors of Horatio Seymour." A Democratic success means the ascendency of such persons in the political control of the State. Those who desire it, therefore, did wisely in co-operating with them at the election.

The Democratic success means, in the fourth place, a change in the Registry law, or the total abolition of a registry, in order that frauds at the polls may be facilitated and the State securely held, with the hope of deciding the next Presidential election in the city of New York. No honest voter can object to a registry, because he is vitally interested in the inviolability of the ballot-box. The more severely scrutinized the list of lawful voters, the more secure is the country. The Democratic party, always hostile to all methods for maintaining the purity of the ballot, will break down every barrier, and those who helped them at the polls may congratulate themselves upon the result.

These are some of the consequences of the continued Democratic success in the State of New York, and, although not new, they may be profitably studied by the country.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

There is one subject which should be very carefully considered by the Board of Education in this city, and that is compulsory education. Since the report of the Rev. James Fraser, who was sent out by the British Government to examine our school system, the schools of this city have so high a reputation among those in both countries who are interested in the extension of education that the word of the Board which controls the schools will be very influential. If the compulsory system is necessary any where in the country, it is here in the city of New York; and, therefore, if action is to be taken any where, it will naturally begin here. The subject was considered in the late Constitutional Convention, and was understood to have been quite fully discussed in the Committee upon Education. But it seemed to be the general sentiment that the time had not then arrived for action, and although Mr. Opdyke, who made many very valuable propositions, and who introduced the admirable article upon bribery, which was incorporated in the new Constitution, moved the subject in the Convention, he had little support. The argument for compulsory education is perhaps nowhere more carefully considered than in a report of M. Duruy, the French minister of public instruction, in 1863, which contains an admirable survey of the European school systems. Mr. Rice, the late Superintendent in this State, embodied many of the facts collected by M. Duruy in the report to which we allude elsewhere. As a matter of fact it is found that in countries where school attendance is compulsory, as especially in Prussia, the compulsion is in name only; nor would the repeal of the law now seriously affect the schools, so deeply rooted has the law made the habit of universal attendance. So elsewhere, as in Baden, although attendance is compulsory, fines are very infrequent. In Würtemberg every child must attend school until the age of fourteen. The first and second time a boy plays truant he is punished himself; the third time his parents pay the penalty. Every army recruit is examined, and the parents are responsible if their son can not write. The consequence is, that in Würtemberg there is not a peasant, or a kitchen-maid, or a bar-maid who can not read, write, and cipher well. In the United States, to-day, there is probably a seventh of the whole population who can do neither.

The argument for compulsory education in this country is that of the police. The tax for public schools is justified by the necessity of general intelligence to the general order of society. We are taxed lightly for schools that we may not be heavily taxed for prisons; and as the tax is laid for the welfare of the community, and not of the individual, the community may properly take care that the tax be made effective for its purpose. As to the expediency of enforcing an undoubted right of this kind, it would seem to be tolerably clear that, if it be expedient to provide schools at all, it is equally expedient to take care that they are not provided in vain. But it is the universal testimony of those who are best informed upon the subject that the advantages of our free public school system are by no means what they ought to be, nor what they can readily be made to be.

At the late Educational Conference in Birmingham, in England, the expression of opinion was unanimous upon two points: first, that a system should be established to secure the education of every child in the kingdom; and, second, that every child shall be compelled to be educated. The word education was used to denote what we know as common school instruction. The Conference, therefore, agreed upon what may be called the common-sense view of the subject; and we trust that the New York Board will seriously enter upon the question whether it is not its duty to take active and sufficient measures to secure the great purpose for which the people pay the school-tax.

SARMIENTO AND LOPEZ.

General M'Mahon, our late Minister to Paraguay, is understood to have given a very rosy view of the Dictator Lopez and of his "Republic;" and as the General was alleged to have stated that the atrocities of the allied army were incomparably greater than those of Lopez, the Secretary of the Argentine Legation in Washington has protested against the "gratuitous calumny, covered, as it is, by anonymous publication." But the witness whose testimony concerning Lopez and Paraguay is as pointed as his knowledge is ample and his judgment accurate, is Mr. Sarmiento, now the President of the Argentine Republic. We recently spoke of this gentleman as the most prominent and hopeful figure in South America. His long residence in this country, his vital sympathy with popular government, and his careful and extensive study of its working in the United States, entitle him to speak upon this subject with an authority which, of course, General M'Mahon would not claim for himself.

In June, 1868, while the war in Paraguay was still dragging along, and when Mr. Sarmiento was the Argentine Minister to the United States, he wrote of Paraguay and Lopez; and what he said is confirmed by the most intelligent of the foreign residents upon the Plate River with whom we have conversed. Mr. Sarmiento says that Paraguay is neither a republic, nor a monarchy, nor a tyranny, in the sense of power usurped from another. The present Lopez received the government of the country from his father by a will; his father had taken possession of it after the death of Francia, who had himself usurped it when the Jesuits were expelled. "Paraguay," says Mr. Sarmiento, "is a plantation with a million of Indians instead of negroes, who consider themselves the property of the Lopez family, and fight for them because these chiefs fight against the white men whom they hate, and of whose character and civilized practices they know only what this Lopez family has allowed to enter the precincts of the country." So absolute is this authority that Captain Page mentions that even when the country was at peace the inhabitants of Assumption shut themselves in their houses at eleven o'clock in the day, at the command of Lopez, that the North Americans might not be able to speak with any native. The Englishmen who were in the service of Lopez at Humaita were brought by him to defend the fortress in case of ill luck in the war of conquest which he was about to undertake, he having already seized the province of Matogrosso from Brazil and that of Corrientes from the Argentine Republic. The British Government sent a Commission to free the Englishmen whom he held, and Lopez refused to deliver them. One of them, who has served a long time in the country, has just published in London a history of the war, in which the character of Lopez is drawn in a very different manner from that which is attributed to General M'Mahon.

The Argentine Republic is allied with Brazil and Uruguay to defend itself against the conquest of Lopez. For having abolished slavery fifty years before we did, and being the seat of the most promising political and industrial activity in South America, that republic naturally recoils from subjection by a tyranny compared with which the most brutal known among the European races would be a blessing. "The triumph of Lopez," says Mr. Sarmiento, nearly two years ago, "means the extension to Uruguay and the Argentine Republic of the Guarini Indian despotism, under a master who is dictator, pope, supreme judge, and lord of life and property." That these words truly describe Lopez no one who has investigated the subject doubts. Yet there are many liberal papers in the United States which really seem to think that there is no choice between the parties in the Paraguayan war, and that an empire is trying to crush a republic. Sarmiento and Lopez are the good and evil genius of the La Plata region; and there can be no question to which of them the hopes and sympathies of the United States naturally belong.

THE GREAT PERIL.

When the honest voters any where are satisfied that the ballots deposited in the box and the subsequent count do not correspond with the honest vote, the system of popular elections and the public peace are in peril. There is no practical difference between a few men at Tammany Hall imposing their will upon the public by fraud and a man at the Tuileries imposing his will by force. Nor is there any intelligent and reflecting Democratic voter in the State of New York who does not know that his party leaders are responsible for the bulk of the notorious electoral frauds, and that every time he votes at their bidding he is supporting a policy which must end in the total corruption of the government or in revolution.

That there are dishonest men in the Republican party, that there is cheating upon the Republican side, we do not doubt. But that is no reason for honest men of the other party to deny against all knowledge and testimony that the great frauds are practiced by Democratic leaders for the advantage of the Democratic party. Nor can any intelligent man excuse his indifference to the subject by saying that both parties are equally guilty. For the man who does not know that the policy and pleas of the Democratic party commend themselves to the most ignorant and worthless part of the population, is not aware of one of the most obvious and significant facts in our politics. He may go into any part of the country upon an election day and he will be sure to find that nine-tenths of the drunken and most degraded part of the population vote the Democratic ticket, and that the more thrifty and intelligent the neighborhood the more positive is the Republican majority.

This is not chance. It has the deepest reason. Every district and ward in Maryland gives a Democratic majority. The same is probably true of Kentucky. They are the two especially Democratic States. Of course in the war their hearts were with the rebellion. Are they in any chief point of civilized and progressive political communities superior to the great States of the Northwest? The two parties in this country are not equally worthless. Will any body pretend to designate a spot in which the Republicans have the same unqualified control that the Democrats have in the city of New York, where they are or can be justly accused of frauds so enormous as those which are matters of universal notoriety upon the part of the Democratic leaders in this city?

During the twelve years, from 1856 to 1867 inclusive, the average annual number of naturalizations here was 9207. The yearly average of immigration from and including 1847 to 1860—a period of thirteen years—was 197,435; while for the four years, from 1860 to 1863 inclusive, the yearly average had fallen off nearly one-half. None who arrived later could be naturalized in 1868. But in that year three courts in the city—the Common Pleas, the Supreme, and the Superior—admitted a naturalization of 33,318—nearly four times the average of former years. And if to this be added the missing blanks, which, as every man practically familiar with the details of last year's election knows, were used wherever they could be, the total naturalization for the city of New York for 1868 was 60,386. Of the admitted certificates issued more than eighty-two per cent. were issued by two courts, the Superior and the Supreme. In the Supreme Court Judge George G. Barnard was the only magistrate who naturalized. In the Superior Court a gentleman who examined 18,000 of the certificates testified that about eight-ninths were signed by John H. M'Cunn.

These were the facts. They were known at the time; but their extent was subsequently proved. The fraudulent papers were every where. They were sent by mail to those who had not applied, although the law requires the personal appearance of the applicant. And it was in the midst of this universal knowledge that John T. Hoffman, the Democratic Mayor of the city, and Democratic candidate for Gov-

ernor, on the day before the election, issued a Proclamation bitterly denouncing the charges of fraud as gross and unfounded, and asserting that they were made to cover the fraudulent schemes of the Republicans. There was not an intelligent man in the city or its neighborhood who did not know that Mr. Hoffman's statement was untrue. The frauds were known, and it was known that they had been perpetrated by Democratic agents. If proof were wanting after that collected by the Congressional Committee of Investigation, it is supplied by the volunteer evidence of the editor of the chief Democratic paper in the city, who has since described by name the present Mayor of the city, Mr. Hall, and one of the State Senators from the city, Mr. Tweed, as "corruptionists," and denounced their "shameless and cunning frauds."

It is already beginning to be understood that an election in the State of New York is not an appeal to the opinion of the people. It is simply registering the edicts of a few Democratic leaders, who stuff the ballot-boxes. Is it not, then, nearly time for those who support the Democratic party because they do not like certain Republican men and measures, to ask themselves whether a party under whose auspices an honest expression of the popular will becomes impossible is not necessarily and swiftly subverting the government?

EFFECT OF SELLING GOLD AND BUYING BONDS.

It appears that the public debt had been reduced from March 1, 1869, to November 1 about $64,332,070 65. This sum is mainly made up of purchases of bonds and their accrued interest. Notice has been given by the Treasury that $11,000,000 of gold shall be sold, and $10,000,000 of bonds purchased for November. The interesting financial question of the day is, What effect is produced upon the industry of the United States by selling gold and purchasing bonds?

Ever since the breaking down of the attempted gold corner, the power of the Treasury, in the absence of any European demand for balances, has become omnipotent. Owing to those large Treasury purchases of bonds the credit of the United States has been so raised that bonds are still purchased in foreign markets, and, owing to frequent sales of Treasury gold since the corner was broken, gold has steadily fallen. Speculators fear to become Bulls in gold, inasmuch as the movement on the long-to-be-remembered Friday against their machinations was sudden and effectual, and they fear a repetition of Treasury sales made on the instant, and without previous notice. With $116,994,711 69 of gold in the Treasury—this was the amount on the 1st of November—no combination could be formed in now crippled Wall Street to meet the vast power of the Department. Every sale of bonds in Europe aids directly in putting down gold, inasmuch as the German brokers here, who make most of the sales—using the telegraph cable for the purpose—become instantaneous sellers of gold in our market to an equal extent. The great houses which do this business watch the respective markets for our bonds, which are ordinarily kept within $\frac{1}{8}$, and frequently within $\frac{1}{16}$ per cent. of each other, and when there is a chance of profit sell or buy bonds according to circumstances. To facilitate transactions the foreign branch or agency is kept constantly supplied with bonds, which can instantly be delivered to the foreign purchaser. The payment for them abroad, or by the cable transfer of funds here, permits an immediate sale of such gold in our market. On the 4th of November gold was sold at 126½ on one of these transactions by a German house here, and profit ensued. These combined causes, the sale by the Treasury and by such bankers, tended to depress gold on the 4th of November, although it had been announced in Wall Street that the Bank of England on that day had raised its rate of interest from 2½ to 3 per cent.—a circumstance that would ordinarily affect our market by raising the gold rate.

The price of the great staples which this country exports, as well as that of imported produce held here for sale, is affected generally in the proportion in which gold falls in our market. So far as concerns breadstuffs and cotton purchased here by foreign agents for export, they are paid for in gold. The object of the seller is to obtain as much currency for his gold or for the exchange, which the transaction permits him to draw, as possible; and the lower the rate of gold, the smaller the return in currency. Our breadstuffs are now depressed, inasmuch as the fall in gold, say from 135 or 140 to 126½, reduces the quantity of currency received in the same proportion.

If the fall in gold were due to an equivalent improvement in the currency of the United States, no complaint could justly be made, as it would in that case be permanent; but it is apparent, as the currency remains undiminished in its volume of about seven hundred millions of dollars, that the sole foundation for the fall is due to the combined influences referred to; and as the price of gold in our market must ultimately be ruled in great part by the amount of paper in circulation, there is no difficulty in deciding that the Treasury Department, which is now effectually controlling the market in that direction, must witness a reaction as soon as its influence is withdrawn, or in spite of that influence whenever the condition of finances abroad calls for balances held in this country.

The industrial interests of the United States are suffering severely from the fall in gold. These great interests need permanency in its price, which, measured by our paper circulation, must be considerably above the present market rate. The present condition of affairs in this respect is wholly favorable to the foreign purchaser of our great staples, and of corresponding disadvantage to the producing interest of the United States. It is undoubtedly true that many persons in the United States are benefited by low prices of our commodities—such, for instance, as laboring men and those who live on salaries; but the producers of wheat are not receiving remunerative prices, and hence it is held back in the States which most largely engage in this industry.

The price of wheat is not remunerative, because the expenses of its production are paid in depreciated currency, bearing the relation to gold of, say, 140 to 100, and it is now sold on a basis of 127 to 100, in a currency which *apparently* has appreciated according to the proportionate difference. Wheat at Dubuque, the outlet of a fine region, is now quoted at from 63 to 95 cents per bushel, according to quality. The product this year will not exceed 15 bushels per acre. After deducting the seed sown, the cost of plowing, sowing, reaping, living, hauling to market, risk of collection, and, beyond all, the loss from the rapid exhaustion of wheat-producing qualities in the soil, and the price is not sufficient.

The interests of the producers of the country are best promoted by a permanent rate for gold. The fact that the paper currency is a fixed quantity, and that the amount of gold in the Treasury and in circulation varies but little, are favorable to a nearly uniform price; and were it not for the shamelessness of a few gamblers in Wall Street, who hold in equal contempt public sentiment and public interests, and the efforts of the Treasury Department, neither the excessive rise which depraved gamblers occasioned, nor the almost equally excessive fall which the Treasury occasioned, would have happened. A mean somewhere between these excesses will ultimately be reached and maintained until the gamblers renew their machinery of mischief and plunder.

It must be evident that the condition of our industries, subjected as they are to the control of the gamblers who can unite the largest number of bank officers and public officials in their schemes, is wholly unsafe; and that true policy requires the most effective measures for placing our affairs on more solid ground.

Although the reduction of the public debt from an amount a fraction over twenty-five hundred and twenty-five millions to an amount a fraction under twenty-four hundred and sixty-two millions is regarded with favor as indicating both the power and integrity of the people, yet it can not escape attention that the duties received from excessive imports—the latter occasioned by the sale of our bonds in Europe—constitute a large part of the means for this payment, a resource which imprudence creates. The opportunity to use this exceptional contribution to the Treasury to withdraw from circulation a part of our war currency—continued on a war basis in peace—was denied to Mr. Boutwell by means of an act of Congress, passed in the interests of those who demand a vitiated and depraved financial system.

But our object was not so much to show that Mr. Boutwell has deemed himself driven to the adoption of a system which postpones a return to specie payments, as to present the effect of reducing the price of gold below the level that it justly bears to our paper issues. The policy subjects the productions we export to the control of the foreigner at low prices, while at the same time the producer in this country is exposed to high prices in their creation. The policy, now that gold is reduced to 126–27, would seem to be to reduce our paper-money in a corresponding proportion. This alone will prevent those violent vicissitudes which, to business men, produce constant confusion and distraction.

KING PRIM.

The Republican movement in Spain is suppressed, and the leaders are either executed or in exile. General Prim declares himself a monarchist. He might also, and probably as truly, have declared himself a monarch, for such he seems really to be. The army is devoted to him, and although Serrano is regent, the reality of power is with Prim. This result makes him the most conspicuous of all recent revolutionary chiefs. A success so sudden and so vast as the peaceable overthrow of a great government and the supreme exaltation of a soldier has not been lately seen. The Cortes, purged of the Republican element, has resumed its sessions, and the caucuses are vigorously balloting for a king.

The paralysis which fell upon the movement a few months since arose in great part undoubtedly from the uncertainty of the extent and force of the Republican sentiment. The bravest, the most powerful, and the most eloquent speeches in the Cortes had been those of Castellar. They were essentially Republican, and it was difficult to measure the enthusiasm which they excited. On the other hand, the monarchical party could not agree upon a king, even had they wished to; and there was evidently a chaos of intrigue. Nobody seemed to command the situation. Prim had apparently failed. Had there been one man to speak with a power which could be recognized by all, the later troubles would have been avoided. But no man had proved that power. The hot weather and the general doubt and inaction led the Cortes to adjourn. It was inevitable that the Republicans, who are always the bold and aggressive party, would attempt to obtain control of affairs; and in putting them down, and in announcing distinctly his political faith, Prim, in whom the Cortes now sees the chief of the army, has become the recognized master of affairs, and the deliberations of the Cortes will now undoubtedly have some definite result.

It is fair to presume that a king will be elected, and rumor now loudly declares who he will be. It is plain enough who he ought to be. Let Prim be king. He is identified with the revolution; he has proved his power; he understands Spain and the Spaniards; he is as good a man for the purpose as has been proposed; and inasmuch as no one can be made king whom he does not approve, he will be the power behind the throne, and might, therefore, as well be upon it. The glamour of royalty is gone. For a dozen years past the ablest monarch in Europe has been the nephew of the Corsican lieutenant of artillery. Prim's blood is as blue as Napoleon Bonaparte's; and now that royalty is every where in danger from the general impotence of its representatives, why should not its original principle be summoned to justify the throne—and the regal crown be conceded to him who can wield the regal power? When the Cortes declares for a monarchy, it means a permanent executive. If it summons the Duke of Montpensier, or an Italian prince, or any wandering Don in Europe to the throne, it must know that it can not summon with him the royal tradition, the royal prestige, the royal sentiment, and can no more feel loyal to him than England could have been loyal to Prince Albert. It may respect him and trust him and fear him, but it may equally respect and trust a chief who is not of royal descent. What it wants is a king without royalty; and to satisfy that want a royal scion is not essential. Prim apparently being king, why not call him so, if you are anxious to call somebody by that title?

Nothing certainly is gained by the present situation. The only excuse for a regent was that the preference of the nation for a king should be consulted, or possibly that the strength of the republican sentiment should be proved. But the manifestation of republican sentiment having been peremptorily suppressed and the monarchy assured, there should be no delay in selecting the monarch. But all the royal candidates have been long known, and none are satisfactory. None of them has excited the least enthusiasm in Spain, or has had more than an interested party. If Spain must have a monarchy, let her make a king to correspond. *Viva* King Prim!

NOTES.

Mr. Curtin, who has been speaking in Russia and Bohemia, in the languages of those countries, is not ex-Governor Curtin, the present United States Minister to Russia, but Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, of Michigan, a graduate of Harvard, and late Secretary of Legation in Russia with Mr. Cassius M. Clay. Mr. Curtin's knowledge of languages is very remarkable. When the Russian fleet was at New York, during the war, he made the acquaintance of the officers, and talked with them fluently in their own tongue, although he had never been out of this country. We believe it was at the instance of those officers that Mr. Curtin went to Russia, where his skill and facility as a linguist, with his general ability and good character, promoted him to his responsible post—a precedent which we should be heartily glad to see constantly followed.

The death of Mr. George Peabody has occasioned every where the most friendly remarks upon his wise disposition of riches. He had the good sense to be his own executor, and his good deeds will be always memorable. The universal acclamation with which his gifts were received showed perhaps an immense surprise that a rich man should be willing to part with his money; but it also shows the general feeling that to part with money in such ways is to put it to its noblest use. Mr. Peabody chose wisely for himself and happily for his fellow-men, and his name will be always kindly remembered.

Governor Hoffman gayly informs the people of the State that knowledge suddenly acquired is seldom profitable, but he is willing to tell us one thing, and that is that the success of Mr. Sweeney, Mr. Tweed, Mr. Hall, and their associates secures the utmost purity in our politics. The Legislature of these gentlemen, the Governor says, will contain no Democrats who can be bought, and the same kind guardians are going to take care of the interests of the many and not of the few. This is truly delightful. The whole Democratic line advances, and the Governor gives the inspiring cry, "Tweed and purity! Hall and principle! Sweeney and self-sacrifice!" The gay Governor is emulous of the excellent Wackford Squeers. "Here, boys!" cried that chief executive of Dotheboys Hall, smacking his lips over the bluest of watered milk, "Here's richness!"

We are not surprised to learn that the Rev. W. H. Milburn has met with the most gratifying success in his recent lectures at Steinway Hall, in this city. The subjects of his lectures on the evenings of the 2d and 5th instants were, "A Blind Man's Experience in Search of his Sight," and "What a Blind Man saw in Paris." At the first of these lectures Governor Hoffman presided. We understand that Mr. Milburn is prepared to repeat these lectures through the country during the present season.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Elections were held on the 2d in New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Maryland, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. The Democratic majority in New York city was reduced by about 20,000 from last year's vote. Greeley, in this city, ran ahead of Sigel by 1829 votes. John R. Brady was elected Judge of Supreme Court, and John H. M'Cunn, John J. Freedman, and James C. Spencer for Judges of Superior Court. Martin Kalbfleisch was elected Mayor of Brooklyn. Nelson's majority for Secretary of State is about 17,000. The Senate contains 17 Democrats and 15 Republicans; the Assembly 68 Democrats and 58 Republicans.

Governor Claflin was re-elected in Massachusetts. Chamberlain, the Labor Reform candidate, polled nearly 13,000 votes.

Governor Fairchild's majority (Republican) in Wisconsin is about 10,000. The Senate will contain 20 Republicans and 13 Democrats, and the Republican majority in the Assembly will be about 10.

Governor Austin's majority (Republican) in Minnesota is about 3000.

In New Jersey the Senate stands 13 Democrats to 8 Republicans, and the House 33 Democrats to 27 Republicans.

Illinois carries the Constitutional Convention for the Republicans.

In Maryland there was a light vote, and the Democrats carried every thing.

General Belknap took the oath of office preparatory to entering upon his duties as Secretary of War, November 1.

The diminution of the public debt during October was $7,363,852.

The Licking County Infirmary, an insane asylum in Ohio, was destroyed by fire October 29, and ten of the inmates were burned to death.

The colored citizens of Baltimore and of the State of Maryland on the 4th celebrated the anniversary of Emancipation with great enthusiasm.

The Rev. Philip Schaff, D.D., was sent out by the Evangelical Alliance of the United States, last spring, to the several Branches of the Alliance in Europe, to consult with them respecting a General Conference of all the Branches to be held in this country. He has recently returned; and at a public meeting, held on the 4th in the Reformed Church corner of Twenty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue in this city, he made a report, which indicates that he was received with enthusiasm in Britain, France, Holland, Germany, and Switzerland; and that large deputations of the most eminent divines and Christian philanthropists will come in the autumn of 1870 to the Conference in New York.

The Rochester Theatre was destroyed by fire on the morning of November 6.

Rear-Admiral Charles Stewart, of the "Ironsides" *Constitution* frigate fame, died at Bordentown, New Jersey, on the 6th, aged 92 years.

Hon. Reverdy Johnson and wife will celebrate their golden wedding at their residence in Baltimore on Tuesday, the 16th inst.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Italian Government, following the example of the Spanish, has declared that it will reserve the right to reject decisions of the Œcumenical Council opposed to the laws of the country and the spirit of the age.

Quite heavy earthquake shocks were experienced on the evening of November 1 throughout Germany, and particularly in Darmstadt, Wiesbaden, Mayence, and Frankfort.

The Spanish Cabinet has been in part reconstructed. Martos has been appointed Foreign Secretary, and Fyguerola Minister of Finance. The Spanish Cortes have again adjourned without choosing a king. The division in this matter has affected the cabinet. Admiral Topete has resigned. It is thought that the government will endeavor to fill the vacant seats in the Cortes with deputies favorable to the elevation of the Duke of Genoa to the throne.

The correspondent of the London *Post* writes as follows from Rome concerning the expected action of the Council: "The dogmatic definition of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary will encounter no obstacle. The Pope earnestly desires the consolidation of this dogma. The erection into a dogma of the necessity of the temporal power is not considered possible by its most ardent champions. The foundation and the preservation of that power do not afford the elements of a dogma, and belief in its necessity is not even *proxima fidei*, but only of high importance."

The Emperor of Austria arrived in Athens November 4, on a visit to the King of Greece.

As we go to press tidings of the death of King Victor Emanuel of Italy are hourly expected.

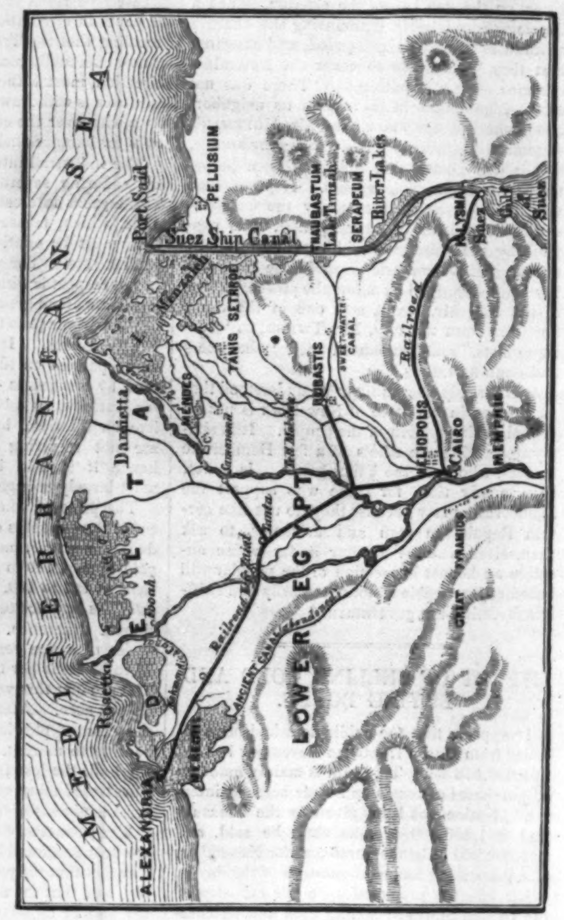
The Archbishop of Paris has issued a pastoral letter on the Œcumenical Council. It maintains that the French Concordat is opposed to any decision of the question of the infallibility of the Pope without discussion.

General Jordan, Adjutant-General of the Cuban army, writes to a friend in this country, October 19:

"While we have no absolute need of foreign soldiers of any kind to carry this struggle to successful fruition, we do need supplies. As near as I am able to calculate we have 26,800 men who have arms, and I state in perfect sincerity that we could use immediately 75,000 stand of arms, and with that number in our hands could end this war in ninety days. We have not wasted our armies nor materials in attacking large cities—sea-ports I mean; because, even though we took them, it would be at a sacrifice of life of our trained soldiers, with a perfect knowledge that we could not hold them, for the reason that we have no artillery to defend them against the Spanish navy. Puerto Principe and all interior towns we have so closely besieged that they are really of no avail to our enemy except the name of holding them. We occasionally are benefited by it, for in their attempts to send them supplies we often capture their trains."

From St. Petersburg we learn that on the 21st of August, at eight minutes past three in the afternoon, a very alarming shock of earthquake was felt in and around Schemacha, in the Caucasus, which destroyed not only the greater part of the houses in the town, but also those of the village of Sundi.

M. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS, CHIEF PROMOTER OF THE SUEZ CANAL.—[SEE PAGE 748.]



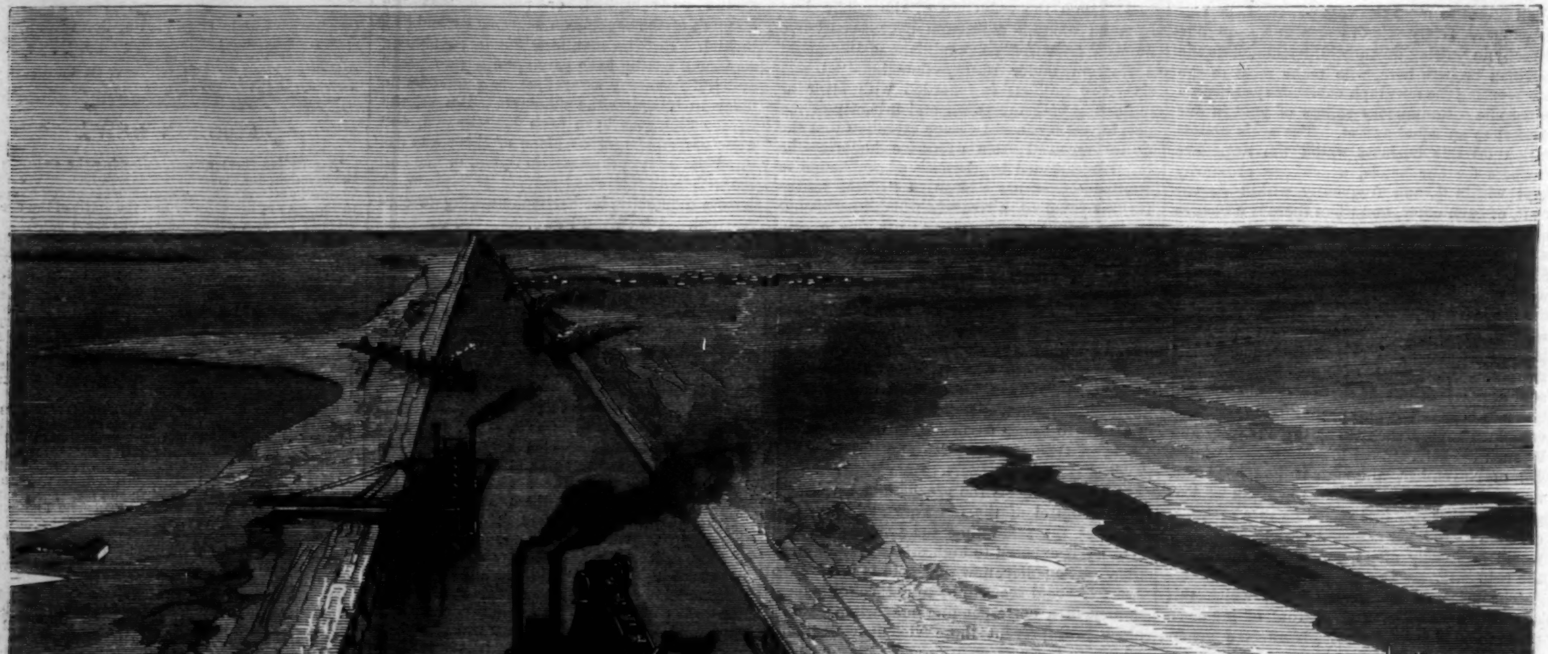
MAP OF THE SUEZ CANAL.—[SEE PAGE 748.]

HON. FREDERICK F. LOW.

PRESIDENT GRANT, on the 28th of September, appointed FREDERICK F. LOW, ex-Governor of California, to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to China, to fill the position formerly occupied by J. ROSS BROWNE. It is said that the President, after deciding that the new minister ought to be appointed from California, showed to General SHERMAN a list of nominees, and that from these the General selected Mr. LOW as the best candidate for the position. It was certainly a wise selection.

Mr. LOW was in 1863 elected Governor of California by a majority of over 20,000 against ex-Governor JOHN G. DOWNEY, the Democratic candidate. He has always been identified with the Republican party of California, and during the war was an earnest supporter of President LINCOLN'S Administration. Mr. LOW has carefully studied China.

The appointment of Mr. LOW is eminently satisfactory to the people of the Pacific States. An evidence of its fitness in the eyes of our representative men is found in the dispatch sent to President GRANT September 29, signed by SCHUYLER COLFAX and some of the most prominent citizens of San Francisco. This dispatch expresses the satisfaction of the people of California with the President's appointment, as giving the nation a representative among the Chinese "whose ability and acquaintance with their customs, commerce, and industries will vindicate the fitness of his selection."



THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ MARITIME CANAL, NEAR KANTARA.—[SEE PAGE 748.]

Faithfully yours
Wilkie Collins

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

PROLOGUE.—THE IRISH MARRIAGE.

Part the First.

THE VILLA AT HAMPSTEAD.

I.

ON a summer's morning, between thirty and forty years ago, two girls were crying bitterly in the cabin of an East Indian passenger ship, bound outward, from Gravesend to Bombay.

They were both of the same age—eighteen. They had both, from childhood upward, been close and dear friends at the same school. They were now parting for the first time—and parting, it might be, for life.

The name of one was Blanche. The name of the other was Anne.

Both were the children of poor parents; both had been pupil-teachers at the school; and both were destined to earn their own bread. Personally, and socially speaking, these were the only points of resemblance between them.

Blanche was passably attractive and passably intelligent, and no more. Anne was rarely beautiful and rarely endowed. Blanche's parents were worthy people, whose first consideration was to secure, at any sacrifice, the future well-being of their child. Anne's parents were heartless and depraved. Their one idea, in connection with their daughter, was to speculate on her beauty, and to turn her abilities to profitable account.

The girls were starting in life under widely different conditions. Blanche was going to India, to be governess in the household of a Judge, under care of the Judge's wife. Anne was to wait at home until the first opportunity offered of sending her cheaply to Milan. There, among strangers, she was to be perfected in the actress's and the singer's art; then to return to England, and make the fortune of her family on the lyric stage.

Such were the prospects of the two, as they sat together in the cabin of the Indiaman, locked fast in each other's arms, and crying bitterly. The whispered farewell talk exchanged between them—exaggerated and impulsive as girls' talk is apt to be—came honestly, in each case, straight from the heart.

"Blanche! you may be married in India. Make your husband bring you back to England."

"Anne! you may take a dislike to the stage. Come out to India if you do."

"In England or out of England, married or not married, we will meet, darling—if it's years hence—with all the old love between us; friends who help each other, sisters who trust each other, for life! Vow it, Blanche!"

"I vow it, Anne!"

"With all your heart and soul!"

"With all my heart and soul!"

The sails were spread to the wind; and the ship began to move in the water. It was necessary to appeal to the captain's authority before the girls could be parted. The captain interfered gently and firmly. "Come, my dear," he said, putting his arm round Anne; "you won't mind *me?* I have got a daughter of my own." Anne's head fell on the sailor's shoulder. He put her, with his own hands, into the shore-boat alongside. In five minutes more the ship had gathered way; the boat was at the landing-stage—and the girls had seen the last of each other for many a long year to come.

This was in the summer of eighteen hundred and thirty-one.

II.

Twenty-four years later—in the summer of eighteen hundred and fifty-five—there was a villa at Hampstead to be let furnished.

The house was still occupied by the persons who desired to let it. On the evening on which this scene opens a lady and two gentlemen were seated at the dinner-table. The lady had reached the mature age of forty-two. She was still a rarely beautiful woman. Her husband, some years younger than herself, faced her at the table, sitting silent and constrained, and never, even by accident, looking at his wife. The third person was a guest. The husband's name was Vanborough. The guest's name was Kendrew.

It was the end of the dinner. The fruit and the wine were on the table. Mr. Vanborough pushed the bottles in silence to Mr. Kendrew. The lady of the house looked round at the servant who was waiting, and said, "Tell the children to come in."

The door opened, and a girl twelve years old entered, leading by the hand a younger girl of five. They were both prettily dressed in white, with sashes of the same shade of light blue. But there was no family resemblance between them. The elder girl was frail and delicate, with a pale, sensitive face. The younger was light and florid, with round red cheeks and bright, saucy eyes—a charming little picture of happiness and health.

Mr. Kendrew looked inquiringly at the youngest of the two girls.

"Here is a young lady," he said, "who is a total stranger to me."

"If you had not been a total stranger yourself for a whole year past," answered Mrs. Vanborough, "you would never have made that confession. This is little Blanche—the only child of the dearest friend I have. When Blanche's mother and I last saw each other we were two poor school-girls beginning the world. My friend went to India, and married there late in life. You may have heard of her husband—the famous Indian officer, Sir Thomas Lundie? Yes: 'the rich Sir Thomas,' as you call him. Lady Lundie is now on her way back to England, for the first time since she left it—I am afraid to say how many years since. I expected her yesterday; I expect her to-day—she may come at any moment. We exchanged promises to meet, in the ship that took her to India—'vows' we called them in the dear old times. Imagine how changed we shall find each other when we *do* meet again at last!"

"In the mean time," said Mr. Kendrew, "your friend appears to have sent you her little daughter to represent her? It's a long journey for so young a traveler."

"A journey ordered by the doctors in India a year since," rejoined Mrs. Vanborough. "They said Blanche's health required English air. Sir Thomas was ill at the time, and his wife couldn't leave him. She had to send the child to England, and who should she send her to but me? Look at her now, and say if the English air hasn't agreed with her! We two mothers, Mr. Kendrew, seem literally to live again in our children. I have an only child. My friend has an only child. My daughter is little Anne—as *I* was. My friend's daughter is little Blanche—as *she* was. And, to crown it all, those two girls have taken the same fancy to each other which *we* took to each other in the by-gone days at school. One has often heard of hereditary hatred. Is there such a thing as hereditary love as well?"

Before the guest could answer, his attention was claimed by the master of the house.

"Kendrew," said Mr. Vanborough, "when you have had enough of domestic sentiment, suppose you take a glass of wine?"

The words were spoken with undisguised contempt of tone and manner. Mrs. Vanborough's color rose. She waited, and controlled the momentary irritation. When she spoke to her husband it was evidently with a wish to soothe and conciliate him.

"I am afraid, my dear, you are not well this evening?"

"I shall be better when those children have done clattering with their knives and forks."

The girls were peeling fruit. The younger one went on. The elder stopped, and looked at her mother. Mrs. Vanborough beckoned to Blanche to come to her, and pointed toward the French window, opening to the floor.

"Would you like to eat your fruit in the garden, Blanche?"

"Yes," said Blanche, "if Anne will go with me."

Anne rose at once, and the two girls went away together into the garden, hand in hand. On their departure Mr. Kendrew wisely started a new subject. He referred to the letting of the house.

"The loss of the garden will be a sad loss to those two young ladies," he said. "It really seems to be a pity that you should be giving up this pretty place."

"Leaving the house is not the worst of the sacrifice," answered Mrs. Vanborough. "If John finds Hampstead too far for him from London, of course we must move. The only hardship that I complain of is the hardship of having the house to let."

Mr. Vanborough looked across the table, as ungraciously as possible, at his wife.

"What have *you* to do with it?" he asked.

Mrs. Vanborough tried to clear the conjugal horizon by a smile.

"My dear John," she said, gently, "you forget that, while you are at business, I am here all day. I can't help seeing the people who come to look at the house. Such people!" she continued, turning to Mr. Kendrew. "They distrust every thing, from the scraper at the door to the chimneys on the roof. They force their way in at all hours. They ask all sorts of impudent questions—and they show you plainly that they don't mean to believe your answers, before you have time to make them. Some wretch of a woman says, 'Do you think the drains are right?'—and sniffs suspiciously, before I can say Yes. Some brute of a man asks, 'Are you quite sure this house is solidly built, ma'am?'—and jumps on the floor, at the full stretch of his legs, without waiting for me to reply. Nobody believes in our gravel soil and our south aspect. Nobody wants any of our improvements. The moment they hear of John's Artesian well, they look as if they never drank water. And, if they happen to pass my poultry-yard, they instantly lose all appreciation of the merits of a fresh egg!"

Mr. Kendrew laughed. "I have been through it all in my time," he said. "The people who want to take a house are the born enemies of the people who want to let a house. Odd—isn't it, Vanborough?"

Mr. Vanborough's sullen humor resisted his friend as obstinately as it had resisted his wife.

"I dare say," he answered. "I wasn't listening."

This time the tone was almost brutal. Mrs. Vanborough looked at her husband with unconcealed surprise and distress.

"John!" she said. "What *can* be the matter with you? Are you in pain?"

"A man may be anxious and worried, I suppose, without being actually in pain."

"I am sorry to hear you are worried. Is it business?"

"Yes—business."

"Consult Mr. Kendrew."

"I am waiting to consult him."

Mrs. Vanborough rose immediately. "Ring, dear," she said, "when you want coffee." As she passed her husband she stopped and laid her

"IS THAT LADY YOUR WIFE?"

hand tenderly on his forehead. "I wish I could smooth out that frown!" she whispered. Mr. Vanborough impatiently shook his head. Mrs. Vanborough sighed as she turned to the door. Her husband called to her, before she could leave the room.

"Mind we are not interrupted!"

"I will do my best, John." She looked at Mr. Kendrew, holding the door open for her; and resumed, with an effort, her former lightness of tone. "But don't forget our 'born enemies!' Somebody may come, even at this hour of the evening, who wants to see the house."

The two gentlemen were left alone over their wine. There was a strong personal contrast between them. Mr. Vanborough was tall and dark—a dashing, handsome man; with an energy in his face which all the world saw: with an inbred falseness under it which only a special observer could detect. Mr. Kendrew was short and light—slow and awkward in manner, except when something happened to rouse him. Looking in *his* face, the world saw an ugly and undemonstrative little man. The special observer, penetrating under the surface, found a fine nature beneath, resting on a steady foundation of honor and truth.

Mr. Vanborough opened the conversation.

"If you ever marry," he said, "don't be such a fool, Kendrew, as I have been. Don't take a wife from the stage."

"If I could get such a wife as yours," replied the other, "I would take her from the stage to-morrow. A beautiful woman, a clever woman, a woman of unblemished character, and a woman who truly loves you. Man alive! what do you want more?"

"I want a great deal more. I want a woman highly connected and highly bred—a woman who can receive the best society in England, and open her husband's way to a position in the world."

"A position in the world!" cried Mr. Kendrew. "Here is a man whose father has left him half a million of money—with the one condition annexed to it of taking his father's place at the head of one of the greatest mercantile houses in England. And he talks about a position, as if he was a junior clerk in his own office! What on earth does your ambition see, beyond what your ambition has already got?"

Mr. Vanborough finished his glass of wine, and looked his friend steadily in the face.

"My ambition," he said, "sees a Parliamentary career, with a Peerage at the end of it—and with no obstacle in the way but my estimable wife."

Mr. Kendrew lifted his hand warningly. "Don't talk in that way," he said. "If you're joking—it's a joke I don't see. If you're in earnest—you force a suspicion on me which I would rather not feel. Let us change the subject."

"No! Let us have it out at once. What do you suspect?"

"I suspect you are getting tired of your wife."

"She is forty-two, and I am thirty-five; and I have been married to her for thirteen years. You know all that—and you only *suspect* I am tired of her. Bless your innocence! Have you any thing more to say?"

"If you force me to it, I take the freedom of an old friend—and I say you are not treating her fairly. It's nearly two years since you broke up your establishment abroad, and came to England on your father's death. With the exception of myself, and one or two other friends of former days, you have presented your wife to nobody. Your new position has smoothed the way for you into the best society. You never take your wife with you. You go out as if you were a single man. I have reason to know that you are actually believed to be a single man, among these new acquaintances of yours, in more than one quarter. Forgive me for speaking my mind bluntly—I say what I think. It's unworthy of you to keep your wife buried here, as if you were ashamed of her."

"I *am* ashamed of her."

"Vanborough!"

"Wait a little! you are not to have it all your own way, my good fellow. What are the facts? Thirteen years ago I fell in love with a handsome public singer, and married her. My father was angry with me; and I had to go and live with her abroad. It didn't matter, abroad. My father forgave me on his death-bed, and I had to bring her home again. It does matter, at home. I find myself, with a great career opening before me, tied to a woman whose relations are (as you well know) the lowest of the low. A woman without the slightest distinction of manner, or the slightest aspiration beyond her nursery and her kitchen, her piano and her books. Is *that* a wife who can help me to make my place in society?—who can smooth my way, through social obstacles and political obstacles, to the House of Lords? By Jupiter! if ever there was a woman to be 'buried' (as you call it), that woman is my wife. And, what's more, if you want the truth, it's because I *can't* bury her here that I'm going to leave this house. She has got a cursed knack of making acquaintances wherever she goes. She'll have a circle of friends about her if I leave her in this neighborhood much longer. Friends who remember her as the famous opera-singer. Friends who will see her swindling scoundrel of a father (when my back is turned) coming drunk to the door to borrow money of her! I tell you, my marriage has wrecked my prospects. It's no use talking to me of my wife's virtues. She is a millstone round my neck, with all her virtues. If I had not been a born idiot I should have waited, and married a woman who would have been of some use to me: a woman with high connections—"

Mr. Kendrew touched his host's arm, and suddenly interrupted him.

"To come to the point," he said—"a woman like Lady Jane Parnell."

Mr. Vanborough started. His eyes fell, for the first time, before the eyes of his friend.

"What do you know about Lady Jane?" he asked.

"Nothing. I don't move in Lady Jane's world—but I do go sometimes to the opera. I saw you with her last night in her box; and I heard what was said in the stalls near me. You were openly spoken of as the favored man who was singled out from the rest by Lady Jane. Imagine what would happen if your wife heard that! You are wrong, Vanborough—you are in every way wrong. You alarm, you distress, you disappoint me. I never sought this explanation—but now it has come, I won't shrink from it. Reconsider your conduct; reconsider what you have said to me—or you count me no longer among your friends. No! I want no further talk about it now. We are both getting hot—we may end in saying what had better have been left unsaid. Once more, let us change the subject. You wrote me word that you wanted me here to-day, because you needed my advice on a matter of some importance. What is it?"

Silence followed that question. Mr. Vanborough's face betrayed signs of embarrassment. He poured himself out another glass of wine, and drank it at a draught before he replied.

"It's not so easy to tell you what I want," he said, "after the tone you have taken with me about my wife."

Mr. Kendrew looked surprised.

"Is Mrs. Vanborough concerned in the matter?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Does she know about it?"

"No."

"Have you kept the thing a secret out of regard for *her?*"

"Yes."

"Have I any right to advise on it?"

"You have the right of an old friend."

"Then, why not tell me frankly what it is?"

There was another moment of embarrassment on Mr. Vanborough's part.

"It will come better," he answered, "from a third person, whom I expect here every minute. He is in possession of all the facts—and he is better able to state them than I am."

"Who is the person?"

"My friend, Delamayn."

"Your lawyer?"

"Yes—the junior partner in the firm of Delamayn, Hawke, and Delamayn. Do you know him?"

"I am acquainted with him. His wife's family were friends of mine before he married. I don't like him."

"You're rather hard to please to-day! Delamayn is a rising man, if ever there was one yet. A man with a career before him, and with courage enough to pursue it. He is going to leave the Firm, and try his luck at the Bar. Every body says he will do great things. What's your objection to him?"

"I have no objection whatever. We meet with people occasionally whom we dislike without knowing why. Without knowing why, I dislike Mr. Delamayn."

"Whatever you do, you must put up with him this evening. He will be here directly."

He was there at that moment. The servant opened the door, and announced—"Mr. Delamayn."

III.

Externally speaking, the rising solicitor, who was going to try his luck at the Bar, looked like a man who was going to succeed. His hard, hairless face, his watchful gray eyes, his thin, resolute lips, said plainly, in so many words, "I mean to get on in the world; and, if you are in my way, I mean to get on at your expense." Mr. Delamayn was habitually polite to every body—but he had never been known to say one unnecessary word to his dearest friend. A man of rare ability; a man of unblemished honor (as the code of the world goes); but not a man to be taken familiarly by the hand. You would never have borrowed money of him—but you would have trusted him with untold gold. Involved in private and personal troubles, you would have hesitated at asking him to help you. Involved in public and producible troubles, you would have said, Here is my man. Sure to push his way—nobody could look at him and doubt it—sure to push his way.

"Kendrew is an old friend of mine," said Mr. Vanborough, addressing himself to the lawyer. "Whatever you have to say to *me* you may say before *him*. Will you have some wine?"

"No—thank you."

"Have you brought any news?"

"Yes."

"Have you got the written opinions of the two barristers?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because nothing of the sort is necessary. If the facts of the case are correctly stated there is not the slightest doubt about the law."

With that reply Mr. Delamayn took a written paper from his pocket, and spread it out on the table before him.

"What is that?" asked Mr. Vanborough.

"The case relating to your marriage."

Mr. Kendrew started, and showed the first tokens of interest in the proceedings which had escaped him yet. Mr. Delamayn looked at him for a moment—and went on.

"The case," he resumed, "as originally stated by you, and taken down in writing by our head-clerk."

Mr. Vanborough's temper began to show itself again.

"What have we got to do with that now?" he asked. "You have made your inquiries to prove the correctness of my statement—haven't you?"

"Yes."

"And you have found out that I am right?"

"I have found out that you are right—if the case is right. I wish to be sure that no mistake has occurred between you and the clerk. This is a very important matter. I am going to take the responsibility of giving an opinion which may be followed by serious consequences; and I mean to assure myself that the opinion is given on a sound basis, first. I have some questions to ask you. Don't be impatient, if you please. They won't take long."

He referred to the manuscript, and put the first question.

"You were married at Inchmallock, in Ireland, Mr. Vanborough, thirteen years since?"

"Yes."

"Your wife—then Miss Anne Silvester—was a Roman Catholic?"

"Yes."

"Her father and mother were Roman Catholics?"

"They were."

"*Your* father and mother were Protestants? and *you* were baptized and brought up in the Church of England?"

"All right!"

"Miss Anne Silvester felt, and expressed, a strong repugnance to marrying you, because you and she belonged to different religious communities?"

"She did."

"You got over her objection by consenting to become a Roman Catholic, like herself?"

"It was the shortest way with her—and it didn't matter to *me*."

"You were formally received into the Roman Catholic Church?"

"I went through the whole ceremony."

"Abroad or at home?"

"Abroad."

"How long was it before the date of your marriage?"

"Six weeks before I was married."

Referring perpetually to the paper in his hand, Mr. Delamayn was especially careful in comparing that last answer with the answer given to the head-clerk.

"Quite right," he said, and went on with his questions.

"The priest who married you was one Ambrose Redman—a young man recently appointed to his clerical duties?"

"Yes."

"Did he ask if you were both Roman Catholics?"

"Yes."

"Did he ask any thing more?"

"No."

"Are you sure he never inquired whether you had both been Catholics *for more than one year before you came to him to be married?*"

"I am certain of it."

"He must have forgotten that part of his duty—or, being only a beginner, he may well have been ignorant of it altogether. Did neither you nor the lady think of informing him on the point?"

"Neither I nor the lady knew there was any necessity for informing him."

Mr. Delamayn folded up the manuscript, and put it back in his pocket.

"Right," he said, "in every particular."

Mr. Vanborough's swarthy complexion slowly turned pale. He cast one furtive glance at Mr. Kendrew, and turned away again.

"Well," he said to the lawyer, "now for your opinion! What is the law?"

"The law," answered Mr. Delamayn, "is beyond all doubt or dispute. Your marriage with Miss Anne Silvester is no marriage at all."

Mr. Kendrew started to his feet.

"What do you mean?" he asked, sternly.

The rising solicitor lifted his eyebrows in polite surprise. If Mr. Kendrew wanted information, why should Mr. Kendrew ask for it in that way? "Do you wish me to go into the law of the case?" he inquired.

"I do."

Mr. Delamayn stated the law, as that law still stands—to the disgrace of the English Legislature, and the English Nation.

"By the Irish Statute of George the Second," he said, "every marriage, celebrated by a Popish priest between two Protestants, or between a Papist and any person who has been a Protestant within twelve months before the marriage, is declared null and void. And by two other Acts of the same reign such a celebration of marriage is made a felony on the part of the priest. The clergy in Ireland of other religious denominations have been relieved from this law. But it still remains in force so far as the Roman Catholic priesthood is concerned."

"Is such a state of things possible in the age we live in!" exclaimed Mr. Kendrew.

Mr. Delamayn smiled. He had outgrown the customary illusions as to the age we live in.

"There are other instances in which the Irish marriage-law presents some curious anomalies of its own," he went on. "It is felony, as I have just told you, for a Roman Catholic priest to celebrate a marriage which may be lawfully celebrated by a parochial clergyman, a Presbyterian minister, and a Non-conformist minister. It is also felony (by another law) on the part of a parochial clergyman to celebrate a marriage that may be lawfully celebrated by a Roman Catholic priest. And it is again felony (by yet another law) for a Presbyterian minister and a Non-conformist minister to celebrate a marriage which may be lawfully celebrated by a clergyman of the Established Church. An odd state of things. Foreigners might possibly think it a scandalous state of things. In this country, we don't appear to mind it. Returning to the present case, the results stand thus: Mr. Vanborough is a single man; Mrs. Vanborough is a single woman; their child is illegitimate, and the priest, Ambrose Redman, is liable to be tried, and punished, as a felon, for marrying them."

"An infamous law!" said Mr. Kendrew.

"It *is* the law," returned Mr. Delamayn, as a sufficient answer to him.

Thus far not a word had escaped the master of the house. He sat with his lips fast closed and his eyes riveted on the table, thinking.

Mr. Kendrew turned to him, and broke the silence.

"Am I to understand," he asked, "that the advice you wanted from me related to *this?*"

"Yes."

"You mean to tell me that, foreseeing the present interview and the result to which it might lead, you felt any doubt as to the course you were bound to take? Am I really to understand that you hesitate to set this dreadful mistake right, and to make the woman who is your wife in the sight of Heaven, your wife in the sight of the law?"

"If you choose to put it in that light," said Mr. Vanborough; "if you won't consider—"

"I want a plain answer to my question—'yes, or no.'"

"Let me speak, will you! A man has a right to explain himself, I suppose?"

Mr. Kendrew stopped him by a gesture of disgust.

"I won't trouble you to explain yourself," he said. "I prefer to leave the house. You have given me a lesson, Sir, which I shall not forget. I find that one man may have known another from the days when they were both boys, and may have seen nothing but the false surface of him in all that time. I am ashamed of having ever been your friend. You are a stranger to me from this moment."

With those words he left the room.

"That is a curiously hot-headed man," remarked Mr. Delamayn. "If you will allow me, I think I'll change my mind. I'll have a glass of wine."

Mr. Vanborough rose to his feet without replying, and took a turn in the room impatiently. Scoundrel as he was—in intention, if not yet in act—the loss of the oldest friend he had in the world staggered him—for the moment.

"This is an awkward business, Delamayn," he said. "What would you advise me to do?"

Mr. Delamayn shook his head, and sipped his claret.

"I decline to advise you," he answered. "I take no responsibility, beyond the responsibility of stating the law as it stands, in your case."

Mr. Vanborough sat down again at the table, to consider the alternative of asserting or not asserting his freedom from the marriage tie. He had not had much time thus far for turning the matter over in his mind. But for his residence on the Continent the question of the flaw in his marriage might no doubt have been raised long since. As things were, the question had only taken its rise in a chance conversation with Mr. Delamayn in the summer of that year.

For some minutes the lawyer sat silent, sipping his wine, and the husband sat silent, thinking his own thoughts. The first change that came over the scene was produced by the appearance of a servant in the dining-room.

Mr. Vanborough looked up at the man with a sudden outbreak of anger.

"What do you want here?"

The man was a well-bred English servant. In other words, a human machine, doing its duty impenetrably when it was once wound up. He had his words to speak—and he spoke them.

"There is a lady at the door, Sir, who wishes to see the house."

"The house is not to be seen at this time of the evening."

The machine had a message to deliver—and delivered it.

"The lady desired me to present her apologies, Sir. I was to tell you she was much pressed for time. This was the last house on the house agent's list—and her coachman is stupid about finding his way in strange places."

"Hold your tongue—and tell the lady to go to the devil!"

Mr. Delamayn interfered—partly in the interests of his client, partly in the interests of propriety.

"You attach some importance, I think, to letting this house as soon as possible?" he said.

"Of course I do!"

"Is it wise—on account of a momentary annoyance—to lose an opportunity of laying your hand on a tenant?"

"Wise or not, it's an infernal nuisance to be disturbed by a stranger."

"Just as you please. I don't wish to interfere. I only wish to say—in case you are thinking of my convenience as your guest—that it will be no nuisance to *me*."

The servant impenetrably waited. Mr. Vanborough impatiently gave way.

"Very well. Let her in. Mind, if she comes here, she's only to look into the room, and go out again. If she wants to ask questions, she must go to the agent."

Mr. Delamayn interfered once more, in the interests, this time, of the lady of the house.

"Might it not be desirable," he suggested, "to consult Mrs. Vanborough before you quite decide?"

"Where's your mistress?"

"In the garden, or the paddock, Sir—I am not sure which."

"We can't send all over the grounds in search of her. Tell the house-maid—and show the lady in."

The servant withdrew. Mr. Delamayn helped himself to a second glass of wine.

"Excellent claret," he said. "Do you get it direct from Bordeaux?"

There was no answer. Mr. Vanborough had returned to the contemplation of the alternative between freeing himself or not freeing himself from the marriage tie. One of his elbows was on the table; he bit fiercely at his finger-nails. He

muttered between his teeth, "What am I to do?"

A sound of rustling silk made itself gently audible in the passage outside. The door opened, and the lady who had come to see the house appeared in the dining-room.

IV.

She was tall and elegant; beautifully dressed, in the happiest combination of simplicity and splendor. A light summer veil hung over her face. She lifted it, and made her apologies for disturbing the gentlemen over their wine, with the unaffected ease and grace of a highly-bred woman.

"Pray accept my excuses for this intrusion. I am ashamed to disturb you. One look at the room will be quite enough."

Thus far she had addressed Mr. Delamayn, who happened to be nearest to her. Looking round the room her eye fell on Mr. Vanborough. She started, with a loud exclamation of astonishment. "*You!*" she said. "Good Heavens! who would have thought of meeting *you* here?"

Mr. Vanborough, on his side, stood petrified.

"Lady Jane!" he exclaimed. "Is it possible?"

He barely looked at her while she spoke. His eyes wandered guiltily toward the window which led into the garden. The situation was a terrible one—equally terrible if his wife discovered Lady Jane, or if Lady Jane discovered his wife. For the moment nobody was visible on the lawn. There was time, if the chance only offered—there was time for him to get the visitor out of the house. The visitor, innocent of all knowledge of the truth, gayly offered him her hand.

"I believe in mesmerism for the first time," she said. "This is an instance of magnetic sympathy, Mr. Vanborough. An invalid friend of mine wants a furnished house at Hampstead. I undertake to find one for her, and the day *I* select to make the discovery is the day *you* select for dining with a friend. A last house at Hampstead is left on my list—and in that house I meet you. Astonishing!" She turned to Mr. Delamayn. "I presume I am addressing the owner of the house?" Before a word could be said by either of the gentlemen she noticed the garden. "What pretty grounds! Do I see a lady in the garden? I hope I have not driven her away." She looked round, and appealed to Mr. Vanborough. "Your friend's wife?" she asked, and, on this occasion, waited for a reply.

In Mr. Vanborough's situation what reply was possible?

Mrs. Vanborough was not only visible—but audible—in the garden; giving her orders to one of the out-of-door servants with the tone and manner which proclaimed the mistress of the house. Suppose he said, "She is *not* my friend's wife?" Female curiosity would inevitably put the next question, "Who is she?" Suppose he invented an explanation? The explanation would take time, and time would give his wife an opportunity of discovering Lady Jane. Seeing all these considerations in one breathless moment, Mr. Vanborough took the shortest and the boldest way out of the difficulty. He answered silently by an affirmative inclination of the head, which dextrously turned Mrs. Vanborough into Mrs. Delamayn, without allowing Mr. Delamayn the opportunity of hearing it.

But the lawyer's eye was habitually watchful, and the lawyer saw him.

Mastering in a moment his first natural astonishment at the liberty taken with him, Mr. Delamayn drew the inevitable conclusion that there was something wrong, and that there was an attempt (not to be permitted for a moment) to mix him up in it. He advanced, resolute to contradict his client, to his client's own face.

The voluble Lady Jane interrupted him before he could open his lips.

"Might I ask one question? Is the aspect south? Of course it is! I ought to see by the sun that the aspect is south. These, and the other two are, I suppose, the only rooms on the ground-floor? And is it quiet? Of course it's quiet! A charming house. Far more likely to suit my friend than any I have seen yet. Will you give me the refusal of it till to-morrow?" There she stopped for breath, and gave Mr. Delamayn his first opportunity of speaking to her.

"I beg your ladyship's pardon," he began. "I really can't—"

Mr. Vanborough—passing close behind him, and whispering as he passed—stopped the lawyer before he could say a word more.

"For God's sake, don't contradict me! My wife is coming this way!"

At the same moment (still supposing that Mr. Delamayn was the master of the house) Lady Jane returned to the charge.

"You appear to feel some hesitation," she said. "Do you want a reference?" She smiled satirically, and summoned her friend to her aid. "Mr. Vanborough!"

Mr. Vanborough, stealing step by step nearer to the window—intent, come what might of it, on keeping his wife out of the room—neither heeded nor heard her. Lady Jane followed him, and tapped him briskly on the shoulder with her parasol.

At that moment Mrs. Vanborough appeared on the garden side of the window.

"Am I in the way?" she asked, addressing her husband, after one steady look at Lady Jane. "This lady appears to be an old friend of yours." There was a tone of sarcasm in that allusion to the parasol, which might develop into a tone of jealousy at a moment's notice.

Lady Jane was not in the least disconcerted. She had her double privilege of familiarity with the men whom she liked—her privilege as a woman of high rank, and her privilege as a young widow. She bowed to Mrs. Vanborough, with all the highly-finished politeness of the order to which she belonged.

"The lady of the house, I presume?" she said, with a gracious smile.

Mrs. Vanborough returned the bow coldly—entered the room first—and then answered, "Yes."

Lady Jane turned to Mr. Vanborough.

"Present me!" she said, submitting resignedly to the formalities of the middle classes.

Mr. Vanborough obeyed, without looking at his wife, and without mentioning his wife's name.

"Lady Jane Parnell," he said, passing over the introduction as rapidly as possible. "Let me see you to your carriage," he added, offering his arm. "I will take care that you have the refusal of the house. You may trust it all to me."

No! Lady Jane was accustomed to leave a favorable impression behind her wherever she went. It was a habit with her to be charming (in widely different ways) to both sexes. The social experience of the upper classes is, in England, an experience of universal welcome. Lady Jane declined to leave until she had thawed the icy reception of the lady of the house.

"I must repeat my apologies," she said to Mrs. Vanborough, "for coming at this inconvenient time. My intrusion appears to have sadly disturbed the two gentlemen. Mr. Vanborough looks as if he wished me a hundred miles away. And as for your husband—" She stopped and glanced toward Mr. Delamayn. "Pardon me for speaking in that familiar way. I have not the pleasure of knowing your husband's name."

In speechless amazement Mrs. Vanborough's eyes followed the direction of Lady Jane's eyes—and rested on the lawyer, personally a total stranger to her.

Mr. Delamayn, resolutely waiting his opportunity to speak, seized it once more—and held it this time.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "There is some misunderstanding here, for which I am in no way responsible. I am *not* that lady's husband."

It was Lady Jane's turn to be astonished. She looked at the lawyer. Useless! Mr. Delamayn had set himself right—Mr. Delamayn declined to interfere further. He silently took a chair at the other end of the room. Lady Jane addressed Mr. Vanborough.

"Whatever the mistake may be," she said, "you are responsible for it. You certainly told me this lady was your friend's wife."

"What!!!" cried Mrs. Vanborough—loudly, sternly, incredulously.

The inbred pride of the great lady began to appear behind the thin outer veil of politeness that covered it.

"I will speak louder if you wish it," she said. "Mr. Vanborough told me you were that gentleman's wife."

Mr. Vanborough whispered fiercely to his wife through his clenched teeth.

"The whole thing is a mistake. Go into the garden again!"

Mrs. Vanborough's indignation was suspended for the moment in dread, as she saw the passion and the terror struggling in her husband's face.

"How you look at me!" she said. "How you speak to me!"

He only repeated, "Go into the garden!"

Lady Jane began to perceive, what the lawyer had discovered some minutes previously—that there was something wrong in the villa at Hampstead. The lady of the house was a lady in an anomalous position of some kind. And as the house, to all appearance, belonged to Mr. Vanborough's friend, Mr. Vanborough's friend must (in spite of his recent disclaimer) be in some way responsible for it. Arriving, naturally enough, at this erroneous conclusion, Lady Jane's eyes rested for an instant on Mrs. Vanborough with a finely contemptuous expression of inquiry which would have roused the spirit of the tamest woman in existence. The implied insult stung the wife's sensitive nature to the quick. She turned once more to her husband—this time without flinching.

"Who is that woman?" she asked.

Lady Jane was equal to the emergency. The manner in which she wrapped herself up in her own virtue, without the slightest pretension on the one hand, and without the slightest compromise on the other, was a sight to see.

"Mr. Vanborough," she said, "you offered to take me to my carriage just now. I begin to understand that I had better have accepted the offer at once. Give me your arm."

"Stop!" said Mrs. Vanborough, "your ladyship's looks are looks of contempt; your ladyship's words can bear but one interpretation. I am innocently involved in some vile deception which I don't understand. But this I do know—I won't submit to be insulted in my own house. After what you have just said I forbid my husband to give you his arm."

Her husband!

Lady Jane looked at Mr. Vanborough—at Mr. Vanborough, whom she loved; whom she had honestly believed to be a single man; whom she had suspected, up to that moment, of nothing worse than of trying to screen the frailties of his friend. She dropped her highly-bred tone; she lost her highly-bred manners. The sense of her injury (if this was true), the pang of her jealousy (if that woman *was* his wife), stripped the human nature in her bare of all disguises, raised the angry color in her cheeks, and struck the angry fire out of her eyes.

"If you can tell the truth, Sir," she said, haughtily, "be so good as to tell it now. Have you been falsely presenting yourself to the world—falsely presenting yourself to *me*—in the character and with the aspirations of a single man? Is that lady your wife?"

"Do you hear her? do you see her?" cried Mrs. Vanborough, appealing to her husband, in her turn. She suddenly drew back from him, shuddering from head to foot. "He hesitates!" she said to herself, faintly. "Good God! he hesitates!"

Lady Jane sternly repeated her question.

"Is that lady your wife?"

He roused his scoundrel-courage, and said the fatal word:

"No!"

Mrs. Vanborough staggered back. She caught at the white curtains of the window to save herself from falling, and tore them. She looked at her husband, with the torn curtain clenched fast in her hand. She asked herself, "Am I mad? or is he?"

Lady Jane drew a deep breath of relief. He was not married! He was only a profligate single man. A profligate single man is shocking—but reclaimable. It is possible to blame him severely, and to insist on his reformation in the most uncompromising terms. It is also possible to forgive him, and marry him. Lady Jane took the necessary position under the circumstances with perfect tact. She inflicted reproof in the present without excluding hope in the future.

"I have made a very painful discovery," she said, gravely, to Mr. Vanborough. "It rests with *you* to persuade me to forget it! Good-evening!"

She accompanied the last words by a farewell look which aroused Mrs. Vanborough to frenzy. She sprang forward and prevented Lady Jane from leaving the room.

"No!" she said. "You don't go yet!"

Mr. Vanborough came forward to interfere. His wife eyed him with a terrible look, and turned from him with a terrible contempt. "That man has lied!" she said. "In justice to myself I insist on proving it!" She struck a bell on a table near her. The servant came in. "Fetch my writing-desk out of the next room." She waited—with her back turned on her husband, with her eyes fixed on Lady Jane. Defenseless and alone she stood on the wreck of her married life, superior to the husband's treachery, the lawyer's indifference, and her rival's contempt. At that dreadful moment her beauty shone out again with a gleam of its old glory. The grand woman who in the old stage days had held thousands breathless over the mimic woes of the scene, stood there grander than ever, in her own woe, and held the three people who looked at her breathless till she spoke again.

The servant came in with the desk. She took out a paper and handed it to Lady Jane.

"I was a singer on the stage," she said, "when I was a single woman. The slander to which such women are exposed doubted my marriage. I provided myself with the paper in your hand. It speaks for itself. Even the highest society, madam, respects *that!*"

Lady Jane examined the paper. It was a marriage-certificate. She turned deadly pale, and beckoned to Mr. Vanborough. "Are you deceiving me?" she asked.

Mr. Vanborough looked back into the far corner of the room, in which the lawyer sat, impenetrably waiting for events. "Oblige me by coming here for a moment," he said.

Mr. Delamayn rose and complied with the request. Mr. Vanborough addressed himself to Lady Jane.

"I beg to refer you to my man of business. *He* is not interested in deceiving you."

"Am I required simply to speak to the fact?" asked Mr. Delamayn. "I decline to do more."

"You are not wanted to do more."

Listening intently to that interchange of question and answer, Mrs. Vanborough advanced a step in silence. The high courage that had sustained her against outrage which had openly declared itself shrank under the sense of something coming which she had not foreseen. A nameless dread throbbed at her heart and crept among the roots of her hair.

Lady Jane handed the certificate to the lawyer.

"In two words, Sir," she said, impatiently, "what is this?"

"In two words, madam," answered Mr. Delamayn. "Waste paper."

"He is *not* married?"

"He is *not* married."

After a moment's hesitation Lady Jane looked round at Mrs. Vanborough, standing silent at her side—looked, and started back in terror. "Take me away!" she cried, shrinking from the ghastly face that confronted her with the fixed stare of agony in the great, glittering eyes. "Take me away! That woman will murder me!"

Mr. Vanborough gave her his arm and led her to the door. There was dead silence in the room as he did it. Step by step the wife's eyes followed them with the same dreadful stare, till the door closed and shut them out. The lawyer, left alone with the disowned and deserted woman, put the useless certificate silently on the table. She looked from him to the paper—and dropped, without a cry to warn him, without an effort to save herself, senseless at his feet.

He lifted her from the floor and placed her on the sofa—and waited to see if Mr. Vanborough would come back. Looking at the beautiful face—still beautiful, even in the swoon—he owned it was hard on her. Yes! in his own impenetrable way, the rising lawyer owned it was hard on her.

But the law justified it. There was no doubt in this case. The law justified it.

The trampling of horses and the grating of wheels sounded outside. Lady Jane's carriage was driving away. Would the husband come back? (See what a thing habit is! Even Mr. Delamayn still mechanically thought of him as the husband—in the face of the law! in the face of the facts!)

No. The minutes passed. And no sign of the husband coming back.

It was not wise to make a scandal in the house. It was not desirable (on his own sole responsibility) to let the servants see what had happened. Still, there she lay senseless. The cool evening air came in through the open window and lifted the light ribbons in her lace cap, lifted the little lock of hair that had broken loose and drooped over her neck. Still, there she lay—the wife who had loved him, the mother of his child—there she lay.

He stretched out his hand to ring the bell and summon help.

At the same moment the quiet of the summer evening was once more disturbed. He held his hand suspended over the bell. The noise outside came nearer. It was again the trampling of horses and the grating of wheels. Advancing—rapidly advancing—stopping at the house.

Was Lady Jane coming back?

Was the husband coming back?

There was a loud ring at the bell—a quick opening of the house-door—a rustling of a woman's dress in the passage. The door of the room opened, and the woman appeared—alone. Not Lady Jane. A stranger—older, years older, than Lady Jane. A plain woman, perhaps, at other times. A woman almost beautiful, now, with the eager happiness that beamed in her face.

She saw the figure on the sofa. She ran to it with a cry—a cry of recognition and a cry of terror in one. She dropped on her knees—and laid that helpless head on her bosom, and kissed, with a sister's kisses, that cold, white cheek.

"Oh, my darling!" she said. "Is it thus we meet again?"

Yes! After all the years that had passed since the parting in the cabin of the ship, it was thus the two school-friends met again.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"P'LICE, don't!" as the thief said to the constable when he was about to arrest him.

LOVERS' PRIVILEGE.—It is the privilege of the lover to be at one and the same time in two situations. When beside his sweet-heart he is also beside himself.

A FANCY.—A little girl wanted to say that she had a fan, but had forgotten the name; so she described it as "a thing to brush the warm off you with."

LITERAL TRANSLATION.—A French author has translated a passage from one of Cooper's novels as follows: "He descended from his horse in front of the château, and tied him to a large grasshopper." The original reads, "a large locust" (tree).

FOR VENICE.—As a gondola is so frequently the scene of love-making, it may be called a "court-ship!"

THE WISEST STATESMEN—Dizzypated ones.

Why is a convent like an empty house?—Because it is a nuninhabited place.

Why is a rook with a cold like a preparation of nitrate of silver?—Because his caws-*stick*.

(K)NIGHT OF THE BATH—Saturday night.

MOST LIKELY.—If a mermaid wore a veil, we suppose it would be a "water-'fall!'"

A PUZZLER FOR A FOREIGNER.—In thirty-five words how many "thats" can be grammatically inserted? Eighteen: "He said that that '*that*' that that man said was not that *that* that *that* one should say, but that that '*that*' that *that* man said was that '*that*' that *that* man should not say." That reminds us of the following "says" and "saids:" "Mr. B——, did you say or did you not say what I said you said? Because C—— said you said you never did say what I said you said. Now if you did say that you did *not* say what I said you said, then what did you say?"

A "PENDING *Case*"—Mohammed's *Coffin!*

TO MEDICAL BOTANISTS.—Do leaves in autumn suffer from "*falling sickness?*"

HE IS.—A man with an "open countenance" is always *read* in the face!

NOTICE.—"But if I put my money in the savings-bank," inquired one son of Erin of another, "when can I draw it out again?" "Och," replied his friend, "sure an' if you put it in to-day you can draw it out again to-morrow, by giving a fortnight's notice."

NOTHING IF NOT COMBATIVE.—A story is told of two Scotsmen who traveled together three days in a stage-coach without a word ever passing between them. On the fourth day one of them at length ventured to remark that it was a fine morning. "And who said it wasn't?" was the reply.

A HELP-MEET.—"What shall I help you to?" inquired the daughter of a landlady of a modest youth at the dinner-table. "A wife," was the meek reply. The young lady blushed, perhaps indignantly, and it is said that the kindly offices of a neighboring clergyman were requisite to reconcile the parties.

TOO BAD.—Why is a witty remark like a piece of pork?—Because it's the sort of thing which makes a *jeu d'esprit* (Jew desperate). [Please excuse the pronunciation.]

The place for good pork is said to be "on the Rhine."

What a difference it makes whether you put Dr. before or after a man's name!

A VAIN REGRET.—There is nothing like arming one's self against contingencies. Robert Henley, an able barrister, raised to the wool-sack in the early part of the reign of George III., had been in his youth a hard drinker. Shuffling into his place in the House of Lords, tortured by the gout, one day he was heard to mutter, "Oh dear! if I had known that these legs were one day to carry a Lord Chancellor, I'd have taken better care of them when I was young."

NAPOLEON'S PILLOW.—"What's that?" asked Mrs. Partington, looking up at the column of the Place Vendôme, during her late visit to Paris. "The pillar of Napoleon," she was answered. "Well, I never did!" she exclaimed; "and that's his pillow—he was a great man to use that! But it's more like a bolster. And it's made of iron, I do believe. Ah, Isaac, see what it is to be great! How hard his head must have rested on his ironical pillow!"

MASTER CHARLIE (*who has been reading the history of the late war*). "Oh, what noble men they were who fought so bravely for the Union in the great rebellion! Why, grandfather, you must have been a young man then. Did you take any part in the war?"

GRANDFATHER. "Ye-es—that is—well, no—not exactly. I didn't fight in any of the battles, but I sang in the great Peace Jubilee."

WASHINGTON, *October 8, 1869.*

By the President of the United States:

THE year which is drawing to a close has been free from pestilence. Health has prevailed throughout the land. Abundant crops reward the labors of the husbandman. Commerce and manufactures have successfully prosecuted their peaceful paths. The mines and forests have yielded liberally. The nation has increased in wealth and in strength. Peace has prevailed, and its blessings have advanced every interest of the people in every part of the Union. Harmony and fraternal intercourse, restored, are obliterating the marks of the past conflict and estrangement. Burdens have been lightened, means increased. Civil and religious liberty are secured to every inhabitant of the land, whose soil is trod by none but freemen. It becomes a people thus favored to make acknowledgment to the Supreme Author, from whom such blessings flow, of their gratitude and their dependence; to render praise and thanksgiving for the same, and devoutly to implore the continuance of God's mercies.

Therefore I, ULYSSES S. GRANT, President of the United States, do recommend that Thursday, the eighteenth day of November next, be observed as a day of Thanksgiving and of praise and of prayer to Almighty God, the Creator and the Ruler of the Universe.

And, second, I do further recommend to all the people of the United States to assemble on that day in their accustomed places of public worship, and to unite in the homage and praise due to the bountiful Father of all mercy, and in fervent prayer for the continuance of the merciful blessings He has vouchsafed to us as a people.

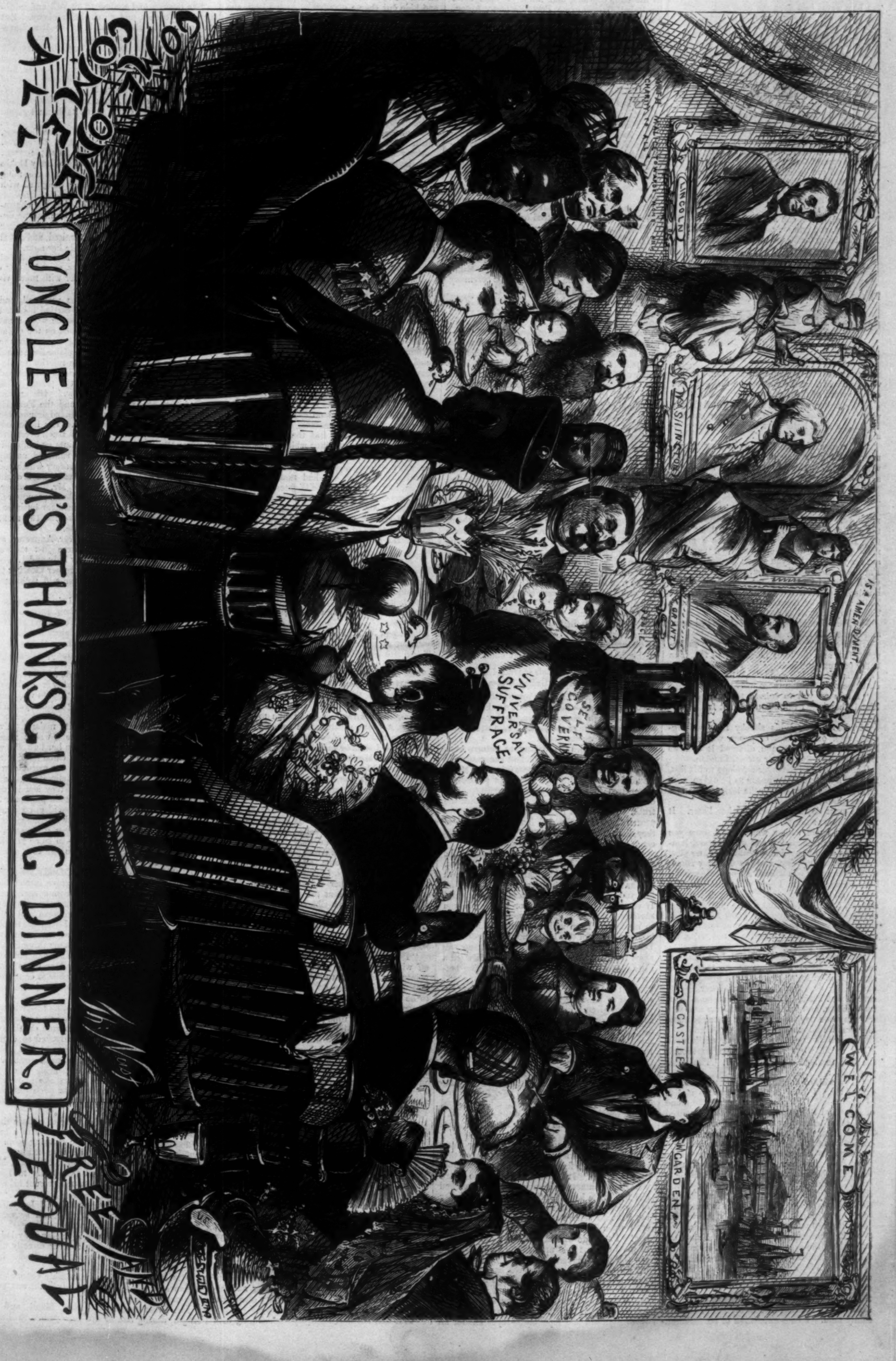
In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed, this the fifth day of October, A.D. one thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine, and of the independence of the United States of America the ninety-fourth.

U. S. GRANT.

By the President:

HAMILTON FISH, Secretary of State.

THANKSGIVING, 1869.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]


COME ONE COME ALL.
UNCLE SAM'S THANKSGIVING DINNER.
FREE AND EQUAL.
UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.
LINCOLN
WASHINGTON
GRANT
WELCOME
CASTLE GARDEN

IN THE TROPICS.

THE blue waves beat upon the coral reef,
The palm-trees bow their coronals of green,
Kissed by the soft southwest wind. Myriads
Of gold and purple plumaged orioles,
Of scarlet-crested, snowy-winged birds,
Dash, dazzling meteors of living fire,
Across the forest track.
The tiger sleeps,
Crafty and cruel-brooding, in his lair,
Waiting the veil of night, as Evil hides,
Shunning the bright rays of the glorious sun,
And battening on darkness. Crimson flowers
Hang from the creepers, where the boa lurks,
Coiling her deadly folds, with venomed eye
Fixed on the path beneath. The leopards crouch,
Half wakeful in the jungle; scene so fair,
At every onward footstep threatens—*Death!*
Low the red sun declines; within the brake
The stealthy jaguar begins to stir,
The jackal sounds the prelude of attack,
To warn our lingering footsteps. Safety now
No longer waits upon the traveler;
But discord, rapine, and a thousand foes,
Gaunt-eyed, and crimson-robed, and ravenous,
Rise into being 'neath the mask of Night.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book II.

CHAPTER VI.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THREE letters from abroad had come to the vicarage. Mr. Levincourt burned them all, and said no word of them to any one.

One evening, when Mr. Plew returned from a round of professional visits, his mother put into his hand a large letter covered with foreign postmarks.

"Of course, Nathaniel," said the poor old woman, tremblingly watching his face, "I guess who it's from. But you would have nothing to say to her now, my deary, would you?"

"Mother!" gasped the little surgeon, clutching at the letter.

"There, there, Nathaniel, don't be angry with me, love. I have never said a wry word about the girl at home nor abroad; nor I don't want to. But—of course I know you are a grown man" (Mr. Plew was three-and-forty), "and can act for yourself; but you know, Nathaniel, love, I'm the mother that bore you, and in some ways you'll always be a child to me—ay, if you were a hundred! And it goes to my heart to see you badly treated by them that ain't worthy to—There, my deary, I've done."

Mr. Plew shut himself up in his little bedroom, and opened his letter.

His face, eager, anxious, all aglow with excitement, fell, and the light faded out of it. The bulky packet contained a sealed letter addressed to "Miss Maud Desmond." Within the outer envelope were written these words:

"I rely on you to convey the inclosed into Maud's hands. I think you will not fail me.

"V."

Mr. Plew opened his shabby little writing-desk, took out a sheet of paper, wrapped the letter in it, sealed it, and directed it to Miss Desmond, No. 367 Gower Street, London.

Then he pressed the outer envelope to his lips, flushing a hot, painful crimson as he did so, and, finally, he sat down beside the bed, hid his face on the pillow, and cried.

The next day Maud received her letter. It ran as follows:

"I will begin with a warning. I warn you not to waste compassion and wailings and lamentations upon me. I desire, and need, no pity. I have chosen my fate, and the day may come, *will* come, when you will all acknowledge that I have chosen wisely. I have written to you once before, and twice to papa. Having received no answer, the idea occurred to me that papa had suppressed mine to you. I know the kind of twaddle—contamination, evil communications—must hold no parley with—I will not write the trash. It can not apply to *me*. Believe that.

"It may be, on the other hand, that you *have* received my letter, and have chosen to make no sign. If it be so, so be it. But I give you this chance, by directing the present letter to the care of Mr. Plew. I believe him to be a faithful creature, and I hope that Sir John and myself may one day have it in our power to show him that we think so."

The words "Sir John and myself" made Maud recoil, when she read them, as though she had received a physical blow. The letter proceeded:

"You will, of course, be taught to think all evil of me. I know the paltry, envious malice of a place like Shipley. How I loathe the name of it! And it is, no doubt, true that I caused papa some temporary anxiety. I trust it was brief. I left the letter on my toilet-table, and I conjectured that it could not long remain unseen. The letter, when once read, ought to have reassured him. Sir John gave me weighty reasons for not wishing to make our marriage public at once. I was bound to respect his secret. From the fact of papa having preserved an obstinate silence I am led to guess that he is nourishing resentment against me. I shall be sorry if this be so, but can stoop to no more entreaties.

"The knowledge of the position I shall one day hold in the eyes of all the world sustains me against the idea of passing misconstruction.

"Sir John is all kindness and consideration to me. I am surrounded by all the elegant luxuries that wealth can purchase or watchful affection suggest. I am traveling through exquisite scenery, and drawing near to my mother's native sunny land. I hate affectation of sentimentality, but, in truth, my heart beats faster as I look at the snowy peaks, and think 'beyond there lies Italy!' Direct to me, Poste Restante, Arona, Lago Maggiore. Within a fortnight we shall be there. *Your letter must be addressed to Lady Gale.*

"Your affectionate (if you will let it be so)

"VERONICA.

"Maudie, Maudie, tell me how papa is, how you are. Love me, Maudie. V."

The last few words were apparently added hurriedly. They were blurred and almost illegible. But Maud dwelt on them rather than on the rest of the letter. They showed that Veronica's heart was not dead, although her haughty spirit disdained sympathy or compassion.

Twice, three, four times did Maud read the letter through her blinding tears before she laid it down on her lap, and fairly thought over its contents.

One conviction stood out clear in her mind—either Veronica was deceived or deceiving.

That she could have no right to the title of "Lady Gale" they in England knew but too well. But was it equally certain that Veronica knew it? Was it not much more probable that Sir John was continuing to deceive her? Might he not even have gone through a false ceremony of marriage? Such things had been!

Maud pondered and pondered. Suddenly she took a resolution. Come what might, she would answer Veronica's letter. It could not be right to leave her in ignorance of the real facts of the case. She would write to Veronica, and would then inclose Veronica's letter to Mr. Levincourt, and tell him what she had done. He might be angry at first, but in his heart he would thank her. He could not really desire to abandon his only child to shame and misery. If Veronica could only know the truth, she would leave that wicked man. She *must!*

Maud peeped into the drawing-room before sitting down to her little desk in her own room.

Lady Tallis was asleep on the sofa. She always slept regularly after her early dinner, and with equal regularity was always very much surprised when she awoke to find that she had "dropped off," as she phrased it.

Without allowing herself time to hesitate, Maud wrote a letter, earnestly and affectionately conjuring the unfortunate girl to return to them, telling her, with simple directness, that Sir John Tallis Gale had a wife living, and who that wife was; imploring her to disbelieve any specious tale he might tell her, and to wrench herself away from him at any cost. "If you will only believe in the true love of your friends, dear Veronica," she wrote, "and come back to us, you shall never repent it."

Who the friends were whose love Veronica was conjured to believe in was not so clear. Maud secretly feared that Mr. Levincourt would be obdurate for a time. But he could not harden his heart against a repentant child forever. Then she thought of the Sheardowns, and believed that they would be kind and charitable. They might assist Mr. Levincourt to leave Shipley, and to go elsewhere—to some place in which his daughter's story was not known. Fifty plans passed through Maud's brain, as her pen ran swiftly, eagerly over the paper. She wrote with all the eloquence she could.

Would Veronica be willing to return even when she knew the truth? Did she assuredly not know it already? On these questions Maud would not dwell, although they kept presenting themselves importunately to her mind. Her one plain, obvious duty was to tell Veronica the truth. How might not the lost girl one day reproach them all if they left her in ignorance—if they did not stretch out a hand to rescue and reclaim her!

"I do love you, Veronica," she wrote at the end of her letter. "And so does Uncle Charles. You would not think him hard if you had seen him as I saw him on that dreadful day when we lost you. Oh, come back, come back to us! If you want means, or help, or protection, you *shall have them*, I swear that you shall! Write to me here. I am with my Aunt Hilda. She knows nothing of this letter, nor of yours to me. Do not let false shame or false pride keep you apart from us. Be strong. Oh, look forward a little, dearest Veronica! Is not any thing better than— But I know your heart is good; you will not let your father die without the consolation of knowing that you are safe, and that you have given up that wicked tempter so soon as you knew his real character. There is no disgrace in being deceived, and I know, I am *sure*, he has deceived you. Write to me, Veronica, soon, soon!"

The letter was sealed, directed (not without a pang of conscience at the written lie) to "Lady Gale," and dispatched to the post-office, at the same time with a few lines to Mr. Levincourt, inclosing Veronica's letter, begging him to read it, and telling him what she (Maud) had done.

To this latter epistle came an answer within a few days.

"I can not be angry with you, my sweet child," wrote the vicar, "but I am grieved that you should have followed this impulse without consulting me. It is my duty, Maud, to guard you from contact with such as that wretched girl has made herself. The hardened audacity of her letter astounds me. If such things could be, I should believe that that fiend had cast a spell upon her. May God Almighty forgive her! I struggle with myself, but I am a broken man. I can not hold up my head here. Blessed are the peace-makers, Maudie. You plead for her with sweet charity. But she has not injured you—she has injured no one as she has injured *me*. Still, I will not shut my mind against any ray of hope. It *may* be, as you say, that she has been deceived. If this be so, and she returns humbled and repentant—repentant for all the evil her treachery and deceit have heaped on *me*, we must crawl into some obscure corner and hide our shame together. At the best, she is branded and disgraced for life. But, my pure-hearted Maud, I warn you not to be sanguine. Do not make sure that she will abandon her wicked luxuries, and pomps, and wealth, to live in decent, dull poverty with me. I can send no message to your aunt. My name must be loathsome in her ears. It were better for her and you to forget us altogether."

The tone of this letter was softer than Maud had dared to hope. Here, at least, he showed no stubborn wrath. It now remained to see what answer her letter to Arona would bring forth.

She waited eagerly, anxiously, fearfully, despondingly; but no answer ever came.

Her poor letter had been forwarded from Arona to Milan in accordance with the written instructions of Sir John Gale (he having changed his plans, and gone on to Milan sooner than had been arranged), had been opened by him, read by him, and burned by him in the flame of a taper in his bedroom, until it was browner and more shriveled than an autumn leaf.

CHAPTER VII.

A FEW FRIENDS.

BEFORE the receipt of the letter from Italy Maud had promised to go to Mrs. Lovegrove's party.

She wished, after she had got the letter, to withdraw her promise. She was anxious, agitated, ill at ease. She dreaded meeting strangers. And although the women of Mr. Lovegrove's family had been kind and civil to her, they were not people whose society was at all congenial to her.

She had hitherto had no experience of town vulgarity. The poor peasants at Shipley were rough and ignorant. But that was different from the Cockney gentility which some of the Lovegroves assumed. The young man, Augustus, was peculiarly distasteful to her, from an instinctive knowledge she had that he admired herself, and would upon the slightest encouragement, or, she much feared, without any encouragement at all, avow as much in plain terms. She had yielded to her aunt's urgings, and had consented to go to Mrs. Lovegrove's party, however. But now she much desired to avoid doing so.

"My darling pet!" cried Lady Tallis, when Maud hinted this to her. "Now how can ye think of disappointing the poor woman? 'Twould be unkind, dear. And I have had that poplin turned, it looks beautiful by candle-light—but sure I wouldn't think of going without you, Maud dear."

"Oh yes, Aunt Hilda! Why not?"

"Not at all, child. I wouldn't dream of it. If you are not feeling well, or any thing, we'll just stay at home the two of us. And I'll send a little note to Dr. Talbot."

"Dear aunt, I am quite well. I do not need any doctors."

"Then why in the world, now, wouldn't ye go to Mrs. Lovegrove's? I don't like to see you moping, a young creature like you. You want rousing a bit. And if you stick at home like an old woman I shall be quite unhappy."

After this Maud could no longer resist. She could not make her aunt understand that the party at Mrs. Lovegrove's could not by any possibility conduce to the raising of her spirits. "But if I am not feeling gay myself," thought Maud, "I will not be so selfish as to cast a damp on poor Aunt Hilda when she is inclined to be cheerful. It would be cruel to stand in the way of any of her few enjoyments."

So the turned poplin was put on; and Lady Tallis yielded with some reluctance to the modest suggestion of Mrs. Lockwood, who was invited to superintend her ladyship's toilet, that a bow of tartan ribbon at the throat scarcely harmonized with the pink ribbons in the cap.

"That soft rose-color goes admirably with the gray poplin, Lady Tallis," said Zillah, quietly. "But, do you know, I am afraid the tartan bow will be a little—a little too conspicuous?"

"Do you think so?" said my lady, taking it off with much docility, but with evident disappointment. "Well, to be sure, you have excellent taste. But when I was a girl I always used to be told that tartan went with any thing. I remember dancing in a Caledonian quadrille at Delaney once, the time poor James came of age, and we had—myself and three other girls—white silk dresses, trimmed with the Royal Stuart tartan, and every body said they looked lovely."

It took some time to get Lady Tallis dressed; for the ill fortune that attended her outer attire pursued all her garments. Buttons and strings dropped from her clothing like ripe apples from the tree. She would have riddled her clothes with pins had not Mrs. Lockwood, neat and dextrous, stood by with a needle and thread ready to repair any damage.

"I think a few stitches are better than pins," observed Zillah. "Don't you, my lady?"

"Oh, indeed I do! Much better. But, my dear soul, I am shocked to give ye this trouble. When I think that I had, and ought to have at this moment, attendants of my own to wait on me properly, and that I am now obliged to trespass on the kindness of my friends, I assure you I am ready to shed tears. But I won't give way, and spoil my dear Maud's pleasure. Don't ye think I am right in making her go out and enjoy herself?"

Despite the truth of Maud's assertions that she was ill at ease in spirit, and disinclined to go into the society of strangers, her curiosity and attention were aroused by the novelty of all she saw and heard at Mrs. Lovegrove's.

This was not like a Shipley tea-drinking with old Mrs. Plew, or a dinner-party at Mrs. Sheardown's or Lady Alicia Renwick's.

She desired and wished to sit still and unnoticed in a corner, and watch the company. But to her dismay, she found it to be Mrs. Lovegrove's intention to draw her into notice.

That lady, clad in a stiff metallic gray silk gown, drew Maud's arm through her own, and walked with her about the drawing-room, into the small room behind it, and even into the third room, a tiny closet above Mr. Frost's private office, where three old gentlemen and one old lady were playing whist at a green table, and glared at the intruders fiercely.

"I wish to make you known to the Dobbses, dearest Miss Desmond," said Mrs. Lovegrove. "Those are the Misses Dobbs in apple-green. I am so grieved that the General and Lady Dobbs can not be here to-night. They are charming people. I know you would be delighted with them!"

Maud felt inwardly thankful that the charming Dobbses were not present. She had no desire to form new acquaintances, and after a time she complained of feeling rather tired, and asked to be allowed to go and sit beside her aunt.

But when she reached Lady Tallis she found Mr. Augustus Lovegrove, Junior, seated close to her ladyship, and talking to her with much vivacity.

Mr. Augustus Lovegrove was very tall, and was awkward in his gait; and carried his head hanging backward, so that when he wore a hat the hinder part of the brim rested on the collar of his coat; and sometimes sang comic songs to his own accompaniment on the piano-forte; and his friends considered him little inferior to Mr. John Parry. They allowed, indeed, that he had not "quite Parry's touch on the piano. But that was only a knack, you know." His mother called him an excellent son, and the Puseyite clergyman of the church he attended pronounced him a model to all young men. His little bedroom at the top of the house was stuck over with paltry colored lithographs of saints and illuminated texts in Latin. It was rumored among his sisters that he possessed a rosary which had been blessed by the Pope. He was being brought up to his father's calling, and Mr. Lovegrove, who knew what he was talking about, pronounced that Gussy had a very fair head for business; and that he understood that two and two make four quite as well as most people.

"Here she is!" exclaimed Mr. Augustus, as Maud approached. "We were just talking about you, Miss Desmond—my lady and I."

The intimation was not altogether pleasing to Maud. She bowed with rather stiff politeness and sat down next to her aunt.

"I was just saying to my lady," proceeded the gallant Augustus, "that their painted hair has no chance beside yours. They can't get the shine, you know." And he slightly nodded his head in the direction of the Misses Dobbs's apple-green shirts, which were disappearing into the second drawing-room.

Maud felt disgusted, and made no reply.

Lady Tallis, however, raised her eyebrows and inquired with much interest, "Do you, now *do* you think that those young ladies dye their hair?"

"Not the least doubt of it, ma'am. I've known Polly Dobbs ever since I was a small boy. And when she was fifteen her hair was as brown as a berry. They both came back from the Continent last year with orange-colored locks. Their mother says it's climate that did it. It's the kind of 'climate' they sell in the Burlington Arcade at seven-and-six per bottle!"

"Really! You don't say so?" cried Lady Tallis, not more than half understanding him. "Well, I know that you can get the waters—almost any foreign spa-waters—in stone bottles, imported. But of course when you talk of climate in bottles you're joking."

At this moment, greatly to Maud's relief, for she began to find young Lovegrove intolerable, a duet for harp and piano was commenced; and there was enforced silence among the company.

The players were Miss Lovegrove and Miss Lucy Lovegrove. Miss Phœbe Lovegrove turned over the music for her sister at the harp; and Miss Dora Lovegrove did the same thing for the pianist. The piece was very long and not particularly well executed. But Maud was sorry when it came to a close, for while it continued she could remain quiet and look about her unmolested.

Her eyes were attracted in spite of herself to a magnificently beautiful woman sitting in a nonchalantly graceful posture on a sofa on the opposite side of the room. She looked so different from all the other persons present, and seemed to regard them with such calm contempt, that Maud found herself wondering who she could be; how she came there; and above all, why, having come, she should be uncivil enough to allow her face to express boredom so undisguisedly.

No sooner had the duet come to a close than this beautiful lady rose, took the arm of a gentleman, and came across the drawing-room to where Lady Tallis and Maud were sitting.

The lady and gentleman were Mrs. and Mr. Frost. The latter bowed profoundly to Lady Tallis, and begged permission to present his wife to her.

"Most happy!—delighted!" said Lady Tallis, holding out her hand. She had seen Mr. Frost in Gower Street very often.

There was no difficulty in making my lady's acquaintance. She began to chat directly with as much familiarity as though the Frosts had been known to her all her life.

Mrs. Frost appraised her ladyship's attire with a glance, of whose meaning Lady Tallis was happily unconscious.

Mr. Frost furtively watched Maud, and at length, during one of the rare pauses in Lady

Tallis's flow of talk, said, hesitatingly, "Your niece, is it not?"

"Indeed and in truth she is my niece, Mr. Frost, and a great blessing and comfort it is to have her with me! Maud, my darling, this is Mrs. Frost. Mr. Frost, Miss Desmond."

Mr. Frost sat down beside the young lady and began to talk to her. He perceived at once that she was very different in every respect from her aunt. It was quite impossible to jump into terms of familiarity with Maud Desmond.

"You have been ill, I was sorry to learn," said Mr. Frost.

"I was a little ill: very slightly. I am quite well now, thank you."

"Perhaps London does not altogether agree with you. You have been used to a country life, have you not?"

"I have lived nearly always in the country; but I am very well in London now."

"You are living in the house of a very old friend of mine, Mrs. Lockwood."

The change in Maud's face from apathy to interest when he uttered the name was not lost upon Mr. Frost.

"You are an old friend of Mrs. Lockwood's?" repeated Maud, smiling.

"A very old friend. I knew her husband before he was married. I have known Hugh ever since he was born. He is a right good fellow."

"Oh yes."

"But his mother is a little disturbed about him at present. He has taken an obstinate fit into his head, and wants to set up as an architect on his own account, instead of remaining longer in Digby and West's offices. Perhaps you have heard?"

"Yes; I heard something of it from Mrs. Lockwood; and from my friends, Captain and Mrs. Sheardown."

"Ah, exactly."

"Captain Sheardown seemed to think that Mr. Lockwood was justified in his plan."

"I have no doubt that Captain Sheardown is an excellent gentleman."

"He is very good and very sensible."

"No doubt. Still, on this point his opinion is scarcely the most valuable that could be had. I am going to Italy myself in a very short time—You are looking pale. Is the heat of the room too much for you?"

"No, thank you. Yes—I am rather oppressed by it. You were saying—"

"That I am going to Italy on business which, if carried out successfully, would enable me to throw an excellent thing in Hugh Lockwood's way. It might keep him abroad for a year or two, but that would be no disadvantage; on the contrary, if we can only persuade Hugh not to be in a hurry to assume responsibilities on his own account—"

"The carriage *must* be here by this time, Sidney," said Mrs. Frost, rising and touching her husband's shoulder. "Do inquire!"

"Not going yet, surely!" exclaimed Mrs. Lovegrove, with stern distinctness. "*Not* going before partaking of our humble refreshments?"

"Oh, thank you very much," returned Mrs. Frost, "but I really couldn't eat any thing. We rushed away from dinner in order to get here before it was all over. Your hours are so virtuously early!"

It was perhaps strange that Mrs. Lovegrove should feel offended at being told that she kept virtuously early hours. But the fact was that she did so feel.

"I saw," said the hostess, "that you had scraped acquaintance with my friend Lady Tallis Gale. I would have presented you to her, but the fact is, she does not particularly care for making acquaintance out of her own set."

"Oh, that talkative elderly lady in the turned gown? Yes; Sidney presented me to her. What an odd person!"

"In her peculiar and painful position," pursued Mrs. Lovegrove, loftily, "Mr. Lovegrove does not feel justified in intruding strangers on her acquaintance."

"What's the matter with her? Is she not quite right in her head?" asked Mrs. Frost, slightly touching her own forehead as she spoke.

This was too much for Mrs. Lovegrove. She had felt that she was getting the worst of it throughout; for she was piqued, and Mrs. Frost was genuinely cool and unconcerned.

"I don't understand you, Mrs. Frost," said Mrs. Lovegrove, "nor can I conjecture why you should wish to—to—insult my friends."

"Oh dear me, I assure you I hadn't the least idea of insulting the poor woman," rejoined Mrs. Frost, imperturbably. "It would be her misfortune, not her fault, you know, after all! But you said something yourself about her peculiar and painful position."

Mrs. Lovegrove faced round solemnly. "I did so, Mrs. Frost," she said. "And poor dear Lady Tallis's position is indeed a sad one. Her husband—a man of enormous wealth, but of so profligate a character that I shudder to breathe his name in the same atmosphere where my daughters are—her husband," continued Mrs. Lovegrove, reaching a climax of impressiveness, and lowering her voice almost to a whisper, "*has gone off and deserted her!*"

"Really? Very shocking! But," added Mrs. Frost, "do you know, I think *not*, on the whole, very surprising!"

That night, in the seclusion of their chamber, Mrs. Lovegrove informed her husband that, come what might, she would never, on any consideration, invite "that woman"—so she designated Mrs. Frost—inside her doors again.

"Pooh, Sarah!" said Mr. Lovegrove, "why not?"

"Why not, Augustus? I wonder that you can ask! Her insolence and airs are beyond bearing. And did you see her gown?"

"A black gown, wasn't it? It looked very neat, I thought."

"Very neat! If three guineas a yard paid for that lace it was trimmed with I will undertake to eat it. That is all, Augustus!"

But yet that proved to be not quite all. And Mr. Lovegrove had to listen to a long catalogue of Mrs. Frost's misdemeanors until he fell asleep.

Mrs. Frost, on her side, declared that she had been bored to death; that she had never seen any thing like the collection of creatures Mrs. Lovegrove had gathered together; that they had stared at her (Mrs. Frost) as though she were a savage; and, finally, she asked her husband what good had been done by her going there at all, seeing that that absurd woman, Mrs. Lovegrove, had chosen to take offense, and walk away from her in a huff!

"No good at all, Georgina, certainly, unless you had chosen to behave with civility, when you knew how I had begged you to do so."

"Really, I was perfectly civil. But Mrs. Lovegrove tried to quarrel with me because I was not overwhelmed by the honor and glory of being introduced to that ridiculous old Irishwoman."

"Lady Tallis's niece is, at all events, a very charming creature."

"The golden-haired girl in white? Well—y—yes, perhaps; I did not speak to her. Certainly she did look different from the rest of the menagerie. Those apple-green creatures! Ugh! They set one's teeth on edge!"

"You must call on Lady Tallis, Georgina. I want you to invite the girl, and take her into society a little."

"I? Thanks! I really can not undertake to chaperon all your clients' daughters and nieces and cousins, and Heaven knows who besides."

"Lady Tallis Gale is no client of mine."

"Why do you trouble yourself about her, then?"

"Georgy, listen: this is a case in which your woman's tact might help me, if you would employ it on my behalf. There is some foolish lovemaking going on between Hugh Lockwood and this Miss Desmond. The girl is different from what I expected. She is very attractive. Now, it is very undesirable that young Lockwood should entangle himself in an engagement just now."

"Very undesirable for whom?" asked Mrs. Frost, yawning behind her fan.

"For—for his mother."

"Really? Well, I should suppose that very trenchant little person with the prominent jaw was able to manage her own business. I am sorry I can not get up any vital interest in the case. But you know Mrs. Lockwood is not a dear old friend of *mine!*"

Mrs. Frost had for a brief time been really a little jealous of Zillah. And she still affected to be so whenever it suited her, although she felt tolerably certain that whatever were the strong tie of intimacy between her husband and Mrs. Lockwood, there was no echo in it of an old love-story.

"Suppose I tell you, Georgina," said Mr. Frost, suppressing the hot words of anger which rose to his lips, "that it would be undesirable for *me* that Hugh Lockwood should engage himself at present."

"What in the world can it matter to you, Sidney?"

"There are business complications in the affair," said Mr. Frost, slowly. "But so long as these young folks are living in the same house and meeting daily, and so long as the young lady is mewed up there without any other society, it is in the course of nature that she should be disposed to fancy herself in love with Hugh. As to him, I am not surprised. The girl is full of sense and sweetness, and is a thorough gentlewoman. But Hugh ought to marry some one with a few thousands of her own. Miss Desmond is very poor. Now, if you would give her some pleasant society, and let her see something of the world, there would be less fear of Hugh and her making fools of themselves."

"Why don't you tell all that to Lady What's-her-name?" asked Mrs. Frost, leaning back in the carriage with closed eyes. "She is the proper person to look after her niece."

"I tell it to you because I choose that you shall obey me!" thundered Mr. Frost, furiously. "It is not enough that you drive me half wild by your extravagance; that you have neither common gratitude nor common consideration for your husband; but you thwart me at every turn. You deliberately put yourself in opposition to every plan or wish of mine. You disgust by your arrogance the people whom it is my special interest to be on good terms with; and you seek the company of fashionable fools who teach you to squander my money and despise my friends. Take care, Georgina! I warn you to take care! There are limits to even *my* indulgence."

Mr. Frost had uttered the last words in his heat, after the carriage had drawn up at his own door. And the words had been heard by the servant who opened it.

Mrs. Frost was mortified. She even shed a few tears. But her husband's wrath was flaming too high to be extinguished by a few tears at that moment.

"That is all I get," said Mrs. Frost to herself, as her maid was brushing out her hair, "for consenting to go near that odious Bedford Square set at all! I was a fool to consent. I don't believe a word about its being important to Sidney whether Hugh Lockwood marries a princess or a pauper. It is merely to carry out some scheme of that artful little creature Mrs. Lockwood. But she shall find that whatever her influence over my husband may be, she can not make *me* an accomplice in her plots."

HENRY COOPER,

U. S. SENATOR FROM TENNESSEE.

MR. HENRY COOPER, elected to the United States Senate by the Tennessee Legislature, October 22, is one of a trio of brothers of acknowledged ability, and eminent in the legal profession. Judge COOPER himself is represented to be a man of irreproachable character, and to have an unblemished reputation as a politician. He was a Union man during the war, if one may be so designated who held a strictly neutral position. His old political affiliation was with the Whig party. He has never been a personal applicant for office, and has never been defeated in any canvass before the people. When the late Senatorial conflict in the Tennessee Legislature reached the point where it was evident that ETHERIDGE could not be elected, the latter proposed a concentration upon Judge COOPER. The Nashville *Republican Banner* regards his election as "the triumph of a truly conservative, pacific, national, and progressive public sentiment."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

COUNTERFEITERS have received a warning that their evil deeds, though long concealed, will surely be brought to light while we have keen detectives in the Secret Service Corps. Counterfeit revenue stamps appeared in the market about two months ago, since which time Colonel Whitely, of the Treasury Department, and his assistants have been quietly but effectually at work. A week or two ago an engraver, who has hitherto borne an unblemished reputation, and has worked for the best firms in the country, was arrested. This led to the arrest of others on suspicion; and last week numerous implements for the manufacture of counterfeit stamps and coin were discovered and seized in a remote house on Staten Island. Buried in the garden the officers discovered a large tin box, which was found to contain 10,500 counterfeit revenue stamps, in large sheets, the plates for printing, dies, rollers, and every denomination of stamps, from one cent to eighty dollars. In the box was also a die for making three-cent silver pieces, steel dies for stamping coins, and dies for arithmetical figures; and in the lower room of the house was found a perforating press for punching the holes between the stamps on the printed sheets. The engraving was of exceedingly fine workmanship; and it is believed that a large quantity of bogus stamps have been put in circulation.

Thanksgiving-day *may* have lost some of the peculiar significance which was attached to its observance in olden times, as certain Massachusetts clergymen say; but never let it be abolished, say we. The day is full of tender memories of home and country, and may it be ever most gratefully observed!

A new work, which will probably attract considerable attention, is now being prepared by Mr. Darwin. The main conclusions which are drawn in regard to lower animals in his "Origin of Species" will be applied to man in this new book.

Amherst College has now 255 students. A boat crew has been organized by each of the three lower classes.—At Dartmouth there are 418 students, including all departments. This college has now thirty-eight one thousand dollar scholarships.—The Halstead Observatory at Princeton is nearly completed. Ex-President M'Lean is writing a history of the college.—The Humboldt scholarship at Harvard College will realize $700 from the recent centennial celebration and subscriptions.—The Judd Scientific Hall for Wesleyan University, Middletown, is commenced, and will probably be finished within the next year. This will be a memorial edifice to a young son of Mr. Judd, who died a few months ago, at the age of twelve. Young as he was he had traveled extensively, was a fine musician, and conversant with the Greek, Latin, and French languages. He was prepared to enter somewhat in advance of the Sophomore class, and was looking forward with bright anticipations to college life.—The town of Burlington has raised thirty thousand dollars for the University of Vermont; and, in consequence of this liberality, fifty thousand more have been pledged.

A novel breach of promise case is before the Baden courts, originating in the revenge a rejected lover desired to obtain. A lady received a proposition of marriage by letter from a fashionable physician of Heidelberg, who wished secrecy for the time, as his father opposed the union. A correspondence was carried on, the lady bought her *trousseau*, and the presumed lover sent presents. At last it was announced that the family opposition was removed, and the betrothed went to Heidelberg for introduction and marriage. Then it appeared that the whole thing was a hoax, the letters forged, and the physician entirely ignorant of the affair.

The reunion of the Old and New School Presbyterians is a great and important event in the history of one of our largest religious denominations. It will be accomplished by a nearly unanimous vote, and the necessary steps to set the United Church into operation will be taken this present week at the meeting at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

The organ which has just been completed for the new building of the Young Men's Christian Association has already been privately exhibited to a select few, and highly approved by them. We understand the Association will soon give a grand concert, when the public will have opportunity to judge of the merits of this new instrument. It was built at a cost of about ten thousand dollars, and combines many peculiar features.

Baron James de Rothschild, who died about a year ago, left behind him a history of the monetary speculations and loans he was engaged in during his long residence in Paris, which is now being printed in the form of a memoir.

Rev. Dr. Breckinridge never could endure the habit which some students possess of answering questions by asking one themselves. "Where," inquired the Doctor once of a dull fellow, who always managed to gain some time by raising a query of some kind—"where was Solomon's Temple?" "Hem: do you refer to its location, Sir?" "Yes," growled the Doctor in his deepest tones, "I refer to its location, or to any thing else about it that may be embraced under the word 'where.'"

Two hundred and fifty-five specimens of American and foreign art are on exhibition at the National Academy of Design, which was opened to the public last week. The collection is much smaller than it has been in previous years; but it contains enough of interest to warrant many visits from the lover of art—as well as from the critic.

Father Hyacinthe is said to have a purpose of establishing a newspaper in Paris called *Le Chrétien*, which shall be both political and religious in its character. Such a paper, well conducted, would be a blessing to Paris—provided it is not confiscated!

Fanny Fern gives her views about women barbers thus: "There is no man who would not rather be shaved by a woman than to have a great lumbering man pawing about his jugular vein, and poking him in the ribs to get up when another man's turn came. I don't say how his wife might like it, but I am very sure *he* would; and as to *his* wife why—she could shave some other man, couldn't she?"

The Board of Health is indefatigable in efforts to ferret out the filthy localities which contain the seeds of epidemic diseases. It is estimated that there are now no less than 100,000,000 gallons of stagnant water in lots between Sixty-fifth Street and the Park, which the sewers can not drain on account of inferior construction and limited capacity.

An English druggist makes an excellent suggestion in regard to the sale of poisonous substances. He proposes that, in addition to the word "poison," the labels should have printed on their margins the appropriate antidotes for each class of poisons. A bottle containing a mineral acid, for instance, would have on its label:

POISON!

If taken by accident, give (mixed with water) chalk, soap, or whiting, or ceiling-scrapings.

If similar labels accompanied all deadly drugs that were dispensed, not a few lives would be saved.

Among queer associations of recent date, the Fat Man's Association is one of the funniest. Yet the thirteen articles of its Constitution are very sensible. Only two hundred pounders, and those more weighty yet, are allowed the privilege of membership. But if any are so unfortunate as to decrease in weight after admission, the fault is pardoned, and they are not expelled. No drunkards nor insane persons are admitted, nor any who have publicly exhibited themselves for money.

A lady of Rochester, Iowa, while drinking tea five years ago, was incited to laugh by a remark made by her father. She choked so as to cause a stricture of the throat, which has gradually grown worse until for the past three months she has been altogether unable to swallow, and was sustained only by fluids injected into her stomach. Her death at last was from starvation.

A most extraordinary story appears in a Florence newspaper, and horrible as it is, and incredible as it seems, it possesses a scientific interest which induces us to give a brief statement of it. In April, 1868, two men named Aveiro and Carines were executed privately, in the prison of Villarica, in Brazil. Dr. Lorenzo y Carmo of Rio Janeiro, well-known by savans for his remarkable works on electricity applied to physiology, and for his surgical skill, obtained permission to profit by this event, in order to experiment on the power of electricity, his design being, if possible, to unite the head to the neck after decapitation. The heads of the two criminals fell within a few minutes of each other into the same basket. Immediately a compression was effected on the carotid arteries of one of the heads, so as to stop the hemorrhage. The body and head were then placed in natural position upon a bed, and the cells of a powerful electric pile applied to the neck. Respiratory movements were soon perceptible, and ensued regularly. The head was then fastened to the body by stitches and special apparatus. At the end of two hours a feeble pulse was manifest, and in sixty-two hours it was evident, to the astonishment of every one, that a process of cicatrization had commenced on the lips of the section. A little later other signs of life manifested themselves, when the director of the prison came for the first time into the experiment room, and it was then discovered that the head of Carines had been taken for that of Aveiro, by some mistake, and applied to the body of the latter! Nevertheless, the experiment continued, and when respiratory movements reproduced themselves electricity was suspended. The Doctor and his assistants were frightened at a result so unexpected, but the learned surgeon employed all his skill to continue the work which science had so singularly commenced. By means of an esophagian probe liquid nourishment was introduced into the stomach. At the end of about three months the cicatrization was complete, and motion, though still difficult, became more and more extended. At length, at the end of seven months and a half, Aveiro-Carines was able to rise and walk, feeling only a slight stiffness in the neck, and a feebleness in the limbs! Thus ends this overstrange tale, and the scientific world will look for the sequel.

There is some truth in the ideas of Mrs. Barclay, who is or has been lecturing to ladies in Chautauqua County. Never, she preaches, give up to sickness, as fever can be cured by a smart run of a mile or so, or a jolting ride in a lumber-wagon. She recommends stirring about vigorously when approaching disease brings on a feeling of languor. Moreover, she holds to the doctrine that physicians should be paid only while their patients continue healthy; and she speaks with admiration of a certain country where doctors are heavily fined when they let a man die on their hands.

A boy at Norwich, England, is accused of being his own grandfather! The charge is proved in this wise: There was a widow (Anne) and her daughter-in-law (Jane), and a man (George) and his son (Henry). The widow married the son, and the daughter married the father. The widow was, therefore, mother (in-law) to her husband's father, and, consequently, grandmother to her own husband (Henry). By this husband she had a son (David), to whom she was great-grandmother. Now, as the son of a great-grandmother must be either a grandfather or a great-uncle, this boy (David) was one or the other. He is his own grandfather.

One of the most annoying things a busy letter-writer can experience is to find that his postage stamps will not "stick"—and, after vainly laboring to make them adhere, to be obliged to gum them on, just as if there was no other intention originally than that every one should use his own brush and bottle. There is certainly considerable chance, nowadays, that in the process of transportation letters will become minus stamps and go to the Dead-Letter Office, through no fault of the writers.

DANIEL DEFOE'S TOMB.

MRS. SUSANNAH WESLEY'S TOMB.

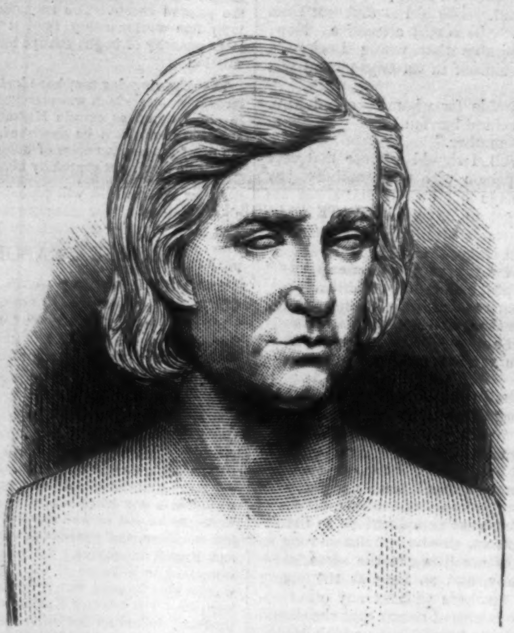
THE LEIGH HUNT MEMORIAL.

WE give on this page a representation of the bust placed upon the monument recently (October 19) erected to the memory of LEIGH HUNT, the celebrated English poet and essayist, in Kensal-Green Cemetery. In the ten years that have passed since the death of LEIGH HUNT, which happened about the end of August, 1859, at the age of seventy-five, the affectionate esteem for his character, most warmly felt by those best acquainted with the spirit of his life and writings, has been cherished as a personal and social faith. The monument erected over his tomb is a permanent expression of their regard for his virtues as a man and for his merits as one of the most graceful and genial of English authors. There were present on the occasion of the dedication of this monument the relatives and friends of LEIGH HUNT, and also many well-known literary men. Letters of apology for absence were received from ROBERT BROWNING, ALFRED TENNYSON, CHARLES DICKENS, JOHN BRIGHT, Lord LYTTON, Earl RUSSELL, and others, who were contributors to the memorial fund. Lord HOUGHTON presided at the dedication, and delivered the address. Some years ago he performed a similar office for the monument in the same cemetery over the grave of THOMAS HOOD. The inimitable jester, who had so much tenderness and poetry in his heart, and whose success as a humorist has almost resulted in an injustice to his serious writings, had fewer claims on the general public for posthumous honor than the varied writer whose last resting-place has been commemorated by the sculpture of Mr. JOSEPH DURHAM and the eloquence of Lord HOUGHTON. HOOD was neither a politician nor a critic; LEIGH HUNT was both, besides being an original creator in poetry, fiction, and general literature. No doubt the strongest inclination of the latter was not toward politics. He was not a master of the scientific parts of government and national economy, and, if he had had an opportunity, would probably have made as indifferent a minister of state as ADDISON did. But he understood exceedingly well that sentiment of natural justice, of fair consideration, and of abstract reason which lies at the root of all worthy politics, and which at particular periods requires the emphasis of high principle and the illumination of lambent wit even more than the doctrines of political science. The early years of the founder of the *Examiner* were passed in just such an epoch. Both in England and abroad it was a time during which the commonest principles of freedom were denied and outraged. The old military despotisms of continental Europe were engaged in mortal struggle with a newer military power just as despotic as themselves in act, however revolutionary may have been the fundamental basis on which it rested. In England Toryism was at the very height of its reactionary fervor, and the condition of England was more like that of Austria previous to her recent reforms than that of the old home of temperate liberty. It was an age, therefore, in which the mere demand for freedom, for enlarged powers of popular self-government, for religious toleration, and for purity in the conduct of affairs and in the administration of the law, was of greater importance than the discussion of elaborate details of politics. In the enforcement of these general principles, now by indignant protest against their violation, now by a quick Voltarian wit (for those who are only acquainted with the writer's later style have no idea how much pungency there was in his youthful pen), and at one time by readiness to suffer personally for his championship of the right, LEIGH HUNT, in association with his brother JOHN—whose honest and intelligent, though less brilliant, services demand a passing recognition—helped forward the better time which a later generation has inherited; and when the sometime editor of the *Examiner* finally quitted politics, and settled down to the uninterrupted cultivation of literature pure and simple, he did so in the midst of a comparative calm which was all the healthier for the previous storm of battle.

In the course of his address Lord HOUGHTON said: "It is true Mr. HUNT represents the past generation of our literature, and that I think is all the more reason why we should honor him to-day.—The tomb which we are about to visit will not stand alone in the association of men of letters. It will beckon many an observer to the marshy shores of Greece, where the tumultuous spirit of Lord BYRON passed away—to the beautiful Roman cemetery where the autumnal flowers are at this moment growing over the young form of KEATS and the storm-cast heart of SHELLEY; it will lead many a one to those pleasant hills among the Westmoreland lakes, where the placid fame and frame of WORDSWORTH rest; it will take some of us to the more familiar grave-yards not far from this, where the witty tongue of CHARLES LAMB is silent, and the busy brain of COLERIDGE speculates no more. Among that generation of poets LEIGH HUNT was recognized as a companion, and by the best he was beloved as a friend. This is not the time, nor am I the man, to adjust his place in that illustrious company, but I will say here and every where that he was a true English poet. Not merely the faculty of imagination, not merely the presence of wit, not merely the great and sedulous accomplishments in our literature—not these alone made him a poet; he was born one and he died one. There is one sphere of literature in which I think I may say he was absolutely eminent—I mean that of poetical criticism. In that field I place him before any other man of letters in this country."

Being regarded as a rabid Republican, LEIGH HUNT was sentenced to two years' imprisonment; and after he left prison he was followed for many years by a persistent obloquy and injustice which in these times seem absolutely incredible.

After the address, which, owing to the inclemency of the weather, was delivered in a neighboring chapel, the company proceeded to the tomb. The monument was uncovered, Lord HOUGHTON saying: "In the name of the subscribers to this monument, and of the friends of Mr. LEIGH HUNT, who remember him and are careful of his fame, I present this monument to his family, to the country, and to posterity."



BUST OF LEIGH HUNT ON THE MONUMENT IN KENSAL-GREEN CEMETERY.

OLD TOMBS IN BUNHILL-FIELDS.

THE ancient city burial-place in London known as Bunhill-fields Cemetery has been recently converted into a public walk, laid out ornamentally, and planted with trees and flowers. From time immemorial this spot has been used as a cemetery. In the midst of the fen beyond the city wall a tumulus or mound marked traditionally the site of Saxon burial. In the year 1549 more than a thousand cartloads of human remains were removed from the charnel-house of St. Paul's Cathedral and deposited in that spot. In the days of the first STUART, and during the period of the Commonwealth, burial in this ground was frequently sought after by families who could claim no right of interment in the city churches; and this fact led the Corporation of London, in 1665, to inclose this spot for the use mainly of the Nonconformists. From 1665 to 1832, when the ground was closed, 123,000 bodies were registered as buried there; of these only 5000 tombs are discoverable; but there are vaults lying buried at depths varying from six to twelve feet beneath the surface. The place boasts no gilded shrines or splendid mausoleums; and yet in this country as well as in England an interest is felt in this humble spot of earth scarcely second to that with which Westminster Abbey itself is regarded. Men lie here whose names are household words in every clime; for we may claim that JOHN BUNYAN, DANIEL DEFOE, and ISAAC WATTS are the property not of any nation, but of all mankind.

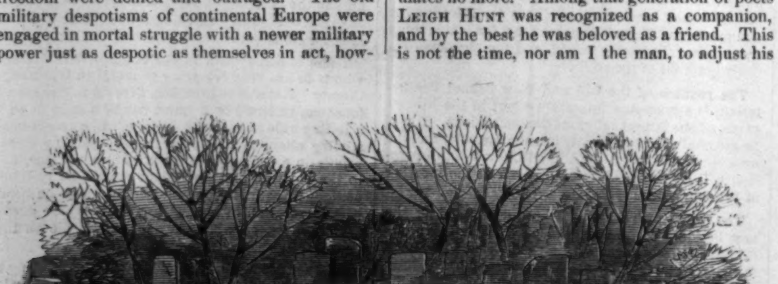
Our illustrations of a few of the many interesting monuments in Bunhill-fields ground will speak for themselves with the eloquence of familiar names. They are those of JOHN BUNYAN, author of "The Pilgrim's Progress;" DANIEL DEFOE, author of "Robinson Crusoe," and many other popular works; Dr. ISAAC WATTS, author of the favorite hymns and psalms of Evangelical Christians; and Mrs. SUSANNAH WESLEY, the aged mother of JOHN and CHARLES WESLEY.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

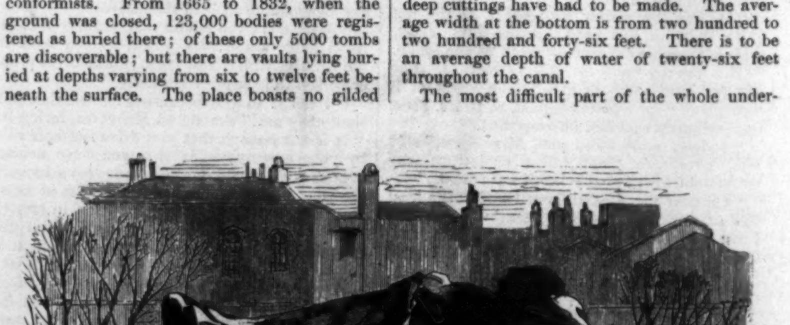
ON page 740 we give a map of the course of the great ship canal between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, formally opened to travel and commerce on the 17th of this month, with the imposing ceremonies suited to so important an event. While awaiting the full and accurate illustrations which we shall in due time receive, we, in the mean time, lay before our readers a brief description of the canal and the principal places along its route.

Starting from Port Said (pronounced Say-id), on the Mediterranean, the canal runs southward through Lake Menzaleh, a shallow, marshy body of water, closely resembling our own Dismal Swamp, to the intermediate port of Ismaïlia, distant from Port Said about seventy-five miles, thence along the eastern shore of Lake Timsah (the lake of Crocodiles) to the deep cuttings at Toussoum and Serapeum, and thence through the Bitter Lakes into the last deep cutting at Cheloup, debouching about twelve miles further south into the Red Sea at a point about one mile southeast of Suez. The actual distance traversed by the canal is a little over a hundred miles, about sixty miles of which run through the beds of the lakes Menzaleh, Ballah, Timsah, and the Bitter Lakes. Embankments are required on Menzaleh and Ballah, but not upon the others. The average width of the whole canal on the top is three hundred and twenty-eight feet, on a low level, and narrower where deep cuttings have had to be made. The average width at the bottom is from two hundred to two hundred and forty-six feet. There is to be an average depth of water of twenty-six feet throughout the canal.

The most difficult part of the whole under-



DR. ISAAC WATTS'S TOMB.



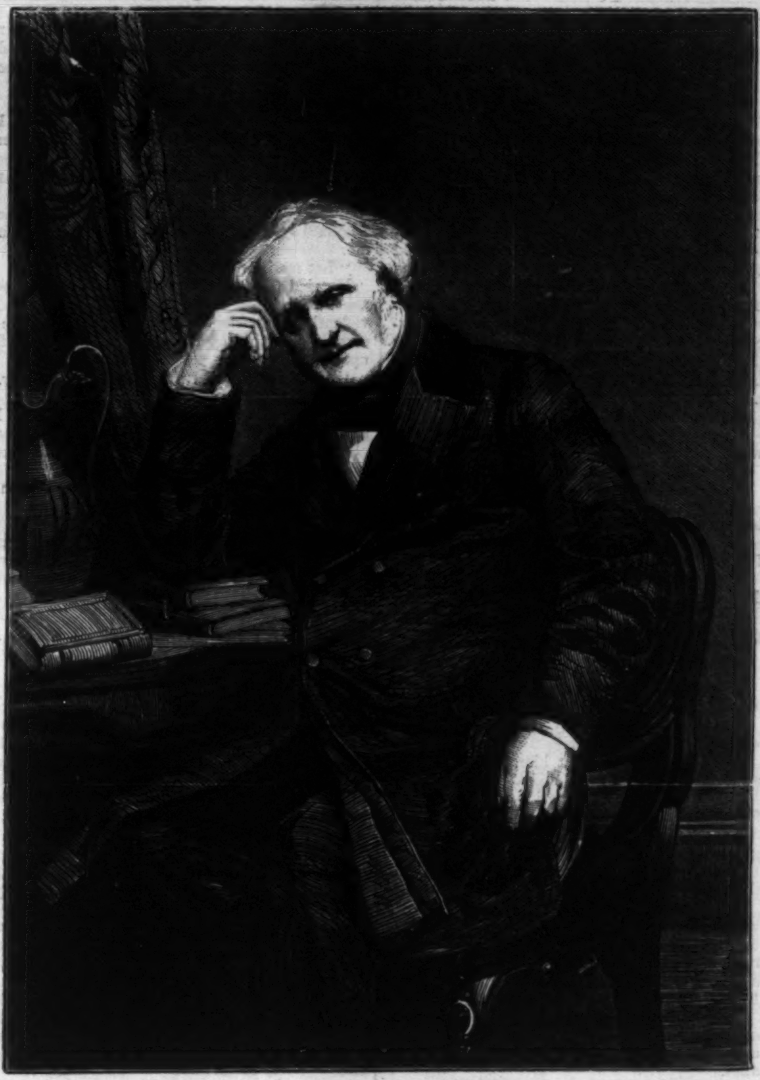
JOHN BUNYAN'S TOMB.

taking was the formation of a port on the Mediterranean. Ten years ago the site of Port Said was nothing but a low, narrow sand-bank, the resting-place of flamingoes and other water-fowl that frequented the surrounding marshes. On this unpromising spot, in 1859, M. LESSEPS squatted with an army of Arab workmen and commenced active operations. The first huts erected for the engineers were built on piles. A few months wrought a wonderful change in the appearance of the place. Solid land was formed by dredging out the harbor and channel, and substantial buildings superseded the rude shanties. At the present time over one thousand acres have been redeemed from the marshy waters; and Port Said is now a flourishing sea-port—a regular place of call for four lines of steamers, with a commodious harbor, immense workshops, great stores of material, and a motley population of twelve thousand souls, made up of workmen and adventurers of all nationalities. It has a handsome square named after M. LESSEPS, comfortable dwelling-houses, and well-supplied stores. The great feature of the place is, of course, the harbor. In order to protect the mouth of the canal from the mud constantly deposited in great quantities by the current of the Nile, as well as to defend the shipping from storms, two immense piers or breakwaters have been built out into the sea, separated by an interval of seven hundred and fifty yards. The western pier is twenty-seven hundred yards in length, the eastern one two thousand yards, and between them lies the harbor. The material used in the construction of these piers is a kind of artificial stone, made on the spot from a combination of sand and lime. The lime of which these blocks are made was quarried on the line of the canal, a few miles south of the port, there ground, and then transported to the works. It was there mixed with the sand, and subjected to hydraulic pressure in huge wooden moulds. The moulds were then removed, and the blocks left to harden in the sun. This process required two or three months. When ready for use they weighed about twenty tons apiece, and were placed in position by means of ingeniously-contrived machines.

The canal leaves Lake Menzaleh at a place called Kantara, on the Desert, and passes over two miles of sand-hills to Lake Ballah, through which it again cuts in the same way for eight miles. Then comes the first deep land-cutting, from Ferdane to Lake Timsah, the deepest of which is near El Guisr, and from sixty to seventy feet. Twenty thousand Fellahs were employed for two years in cutting a channel to the Mediterranean, to float the steam dredges and fill the shallow basin of Timsah, formerly fed by the Nile inundation only. This lake is the central point of the work, and on its shore stands the new town of Ismaïlia, named after the Viceroy. It is the "inland" port of the canal, connecting by fresh-water canal with Zagazig, fifty miles distant in the interior, and opening a transit for the rich agricultural products of that region. The journey from Port Said to Ismaïlia occupies about eleven hours; from Ismaïlia to Suez about sixteen.

Between Lake Ballah and Suez there are two points (the only ones along the route subject to danger from this source) where extensive precautions have been taken to prevent the drifting sand from filling the bed of the canal, viz., at El Guisr and Serapeum. At the latter point it is proposed to irrigate the banks and plant them with trees, as the most effectual means of protection.

At Suez, the southern terminus of the canal, the sea-wall is on a smaller scale than that required at Port Said. Before the company commenced operations the town contained a population of about three thousand, chiefly Arabs. It now numbers over twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and is a place of much enterprise and constantly increasing importance. Of the present population more than four thousand are Europeans. The situation of Suez is one of mingled dreariness and beauty. In front of the town lies the sea, its waters of a deeper blue than those of the Mediterranean. On one side tower the lofty mountains of Attaka, on the other rises the majestic head of Mount Sinai; while behind the town stretches the wide expanse of the great desert, without tree, shrub, or blade of grass to break its sad monotony. But what gives Suez its principal value in the eyes of M. LESSEPS is its magnificent harbor, in which more than five hundred vessels can find ample accommodation. Should the canal be successful, Suez will undoubtedly become a flourishing and important town.



THE LATE GEORGE PEABODY.

GEORGE PEABODY.

GEORGE PEABODY, the great philanthropist, whose name has been associated with gifts of more than princely munificence for the benefit of the laboring classes and of educational institutions, died at his residence in Eaton Square, London, at half past eleven o'clock on the night of November 4. His benefactions have endeared him to the peoples of the two great Anglo-Saxon nations—England and America.

GEORGE PEABODY was born in Danvers, Massachusetts, February 18, 1795. He had no educational advantages. At the age of eleven he was a clerk in a grocery-store in his native town. Here he remained three years, when he went to Thetford, Vermont, to live with his grandfather. At the age of sixteen he went to Newburyport, Massachusetts, where he was employed as a clerk by his brother DAVID. Soon after, his brother's store having been destroyed by fire, GEORGE was solicited to go to Georgetown, District of Columbia, by his uncle, JOHN PEABODY. The latter, being heavily involved in debt, carried on his business under his nephew's name for two years. In the mean time the war of 1812 had broken out, and now GEORGE PEABODY, though still a lad and exempt from military duty, volunteered his services. Among GEORGE PEABODY's friends in Georgetown was ELISHA RIGGS, who, when the war was over, proposed to enter into partnership with the young man in the drapery business, furnishing the capital himself. The enterprise was a success, and in 1815 the firm removed to Baltimore; some years later branch establishments were opened in New York and Philadelphia. In 1826 Mr. PEABODY, then thirty-one years of age, became the head of the firm.

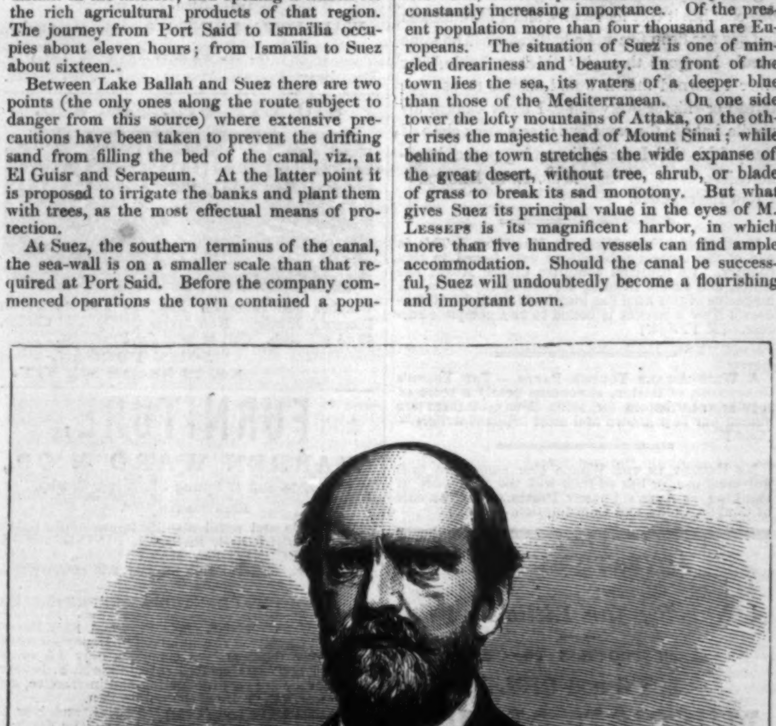
During the ten years which followed Mr. PEABODY frequently visited England to purchase goods. In 1837 he became a permanent resident of London. In 1843 he retired from his American business, and established a commission agency and banking-house in London. He was already a man of large wealth, and had performed noteworthy service for the public. His influence had secured a loan to the State of Maryland, and in other ways he had done much to sustain the credit of his native country in England. His business in London became extensive, and he added to the fortune which he owned at the time of his permanent residence in London the sum of from twenty to thirty millions of dollars.

Throughout his life Mr. PEABODY was noted for his liberality. In 1851 he assumed the entire expense of arranging and garnishing the American Department in the Crystal Palace. A year later he contributed $10,000 to pay the expenses of a second voyage by Dr. KANE to the arctic seas in search of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN.

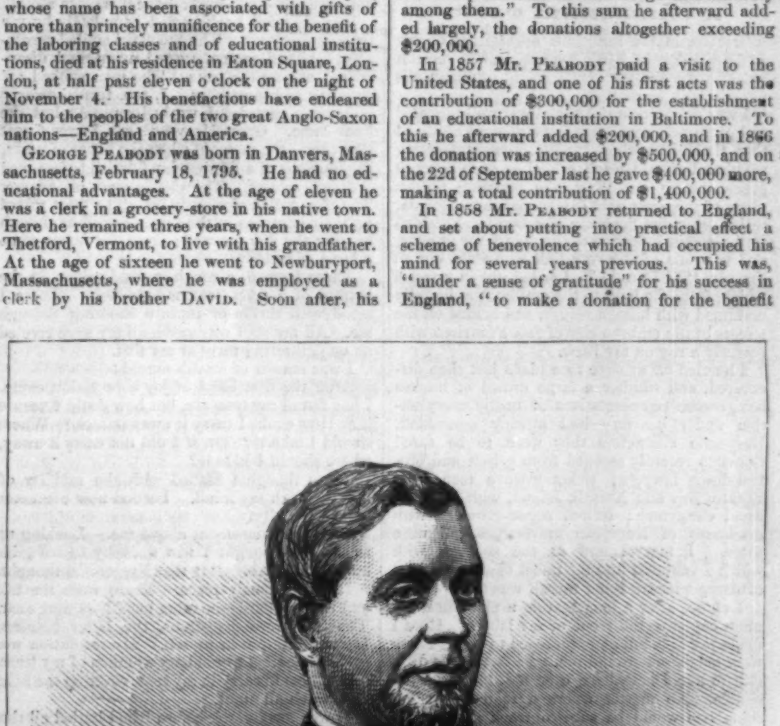
The one hundredth anniversary of the corporate existence of Danvers, Massachusetts, occurred on the 16th of June, 1852, and that day was celebrated in a manner befitting the occasion. Among the invitations to attend the festivities was one to GEORGE PEABODY, who replied, expressing regret that he could not be present to join in the celebration of this the centennial of his native town. He, however, sent the committee a sentiment inclosed in an envelope, "which was not to be opened until his name should be called in due course at the dinner-table." After the dinner had been eaten, and several speeches made, Mr. PEABODY's name was called, the envelope opened, and this sentiment read: "Education—A debt due from the present to future generations." In continuation he wrote: "In acknowledgment of the payment of that debt by the generation which preceded me in my native town of Danvers, and to aid in its prompt future discharge, I give to the inhabitants of that town the sum of $20,000 for the promotion of knowledge and morality among them." To this sum he afterward added largely, the donations altogether exceeding $200,000.

In 1857 Mr. PEABODY paid a visit to the United States, and one of his first acts was the contribution of $300,000 for the establishment of an educational institution in Baltimore. To this he afterward added $200,000, and in 1866 the donation was increased by $500,000, and on the 22d of September last he gave $400,000 more, making a total contribution of $1,400,000.

In 1858 Mr. PEABODY returned to England, and set about putting into practical effect a scheme of benevolence which had occupied his mind for several years previous. This was, "under a sense of gratitude" for his success in England, "to make a donation for the benefit



HENRY COOPER, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM TENNESSEE.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. C. GIERS, NASHVILLE, TENN.—[SEE PAGE 747.]



EX-GOVERNOR FREDERICK F. LOW, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO CHINA.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[SEE PAGE 740.]

of the poor of London." To this end he consulted his friends C. M. SAMPSON, Sir JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, his partner, J. S. MORGAN, and the Right Rev. Bishop M'ILVAINE, of Ohio. In a letter dated "London, March 12, 1862," and addressed to CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, the United States Minister to England, Lord STANLEY, M.P. (now Earl of Derby), and others, whom he appointed trustees, he wrote, after explaining the motives which actuated him: "My object being to ameliorate the condition of the poor and needy of this great metropolis, and to promote their comfort and happiness, I take pleasure in apprising you that I have determined to transfer to you the sum of £150,000, which now stands available for this purpose on the books of Messrs. GEORGE PEABODY & Co., as you will see by the accompanying correspondence." This munificent gift was afterward swelled to the sum of £350,000, or nearly $2,000,000.

In acknowledgment of this gift Queen VICTORIA wrote a most graceful letter to Mr. PEABODY, adding to it a portrait of herself. The letter and portrait are both deposited in the Peabody Institute at Danvers.

Mr. PEABODY again visited this country in 1866. During his stay here he donated $1,500,000 for a Southern educational fund, to which, on the occasion of his last visit, he added another million. To Phillips Academy in Andover he gave $25,000; to the Newburyport Library, $15,000; to building a new church in Georgetown, Massachusetts, $100,000; to a library in the same town, $16,000; to the Essex Institute at Salem, $140,000; to the library at Thetford, Vermont, $5000; to the Massachusetts Historical Society in Boston, $20,000; to the Peabody Institute of Archæology at Cambridge, $150,000; to found a geological branch at Yale College, $150,000; to the Peabody Institute at Baltimore the additional gift, alluded to above, of $500,000; to the Maryland Historical Society, $20,000; to Kenyon College, Ohio, $25,000; for a library in Georgetown, District of Columbia, $15,000; making altogether considerably over $3,500,000, besides an additional gift to the Peabody Institute at Danvers.

His relatives were also remembered in this lavish distribution of his wealth, he presenting them with various sums, amounting in the aggregate to $1,500,000.

On the 30th of September, 1869, Mr. PEABODY took his departure from this country for London. It was his last voyage; in a few weeks after his arrival in England his earthly career was closed. Mr. PEABODY was never married. He was tall and well built, and his manners were always genial and inviting.

THE GRIZZLY.

A CALIFORNIA TALE.

SITTING in the luxurious apartments of my noble mansion on Fifth Avenue, I often recall a scene in my life the very thought of which fills me still with terror.

I was not born to riches. I was well educated and extremely poor when I commenced life. At that time, just when I was seriously debating whether I should teach school or open a retail grocery store out West, the startling tidings came of the great gold discoveries in California, which set on fire the brain of a world. I yielded to the potent influence of the gold-fever at once, and was one of the very first who went out to the new "El Dorado." I sailed out in a vessel which, from the hold to the cradles, was literally crammed with human beings, and landed on the streets of the embryo city of San Francisco with scarcely a rag on my back.

I hurried off at once to a place just then discovered, and whither a large crowd of human beings—the representatives of nearly every nation under heaven—had already assembled. Desperate characters they were, to be sure! Convicts recently escaped from prison and broken-down lawyers; ticket-of-leave men from Botany Bay and Norfolk Island, with impoverished clergymen; retired organ-grinders, with graduates of European universities—all were there. I marvel now at the coolness with which I ventured into the midst of such a crowd of desperadoes. But I myself was a desperado.

I chose, after a long search, a place in a remote cañon as the scene of my labors. Here I made my rude hut and proceeded to dig. There were neighbors around me. In fact it was difficult to avoid neighbors, even if it had been desirable. No matter where a man might go, some one would be sure to track him. So I made the best of it, and put up with the presence of others.

Take them all in all my neighbors were about as villainous-looking a set of men as I had ever seen out of jail. One was a negro of enormous proportions, black as a coal, with the expression of an untamable savage in his brutal features. Another was a long, thin, cunning, treacherous miscreant, who (as I afterward learned) had been confined for twelve years in the Sing Sing prison for an atrocious crime. Another was a short, thick-set man, with a heavy beard which almost concealed his features, but added to his ferocious expression. Among all the wild adventurers whom I had encountered, none were altogether so repulsive as these. They went respectively by the names of "Nigger," "Sing Sing," and "Pirate."

I tried to get away from the neighborhood of these men, but a fatality seemed to attend my efforts. On three different occasions I removed to new places, and actually, each time, I encountered these men, who had moved on before me. It looked as though I was actually following them. So I tried to get rid of my aversion, and turned myself to work.

At the last place to which we came there was a very remarkable man who had been living there for some time. He was a Spaniard, was tall and well formed, with a wonderful expression of resolution and daring in his face. His face was pale, his eyes dark, and his general appearance commanded involuntary respect. He lived in a hut above a cavern on the side of a neighboring hill. This place he had selected for a residence some time previously. He was never seen digging any where in particular, and it was generally surmised that he had some mysterious diggings in the immediate neighborhood of his cavern.

I dug on patiently for some months, and gained barely enough to supply myself with the necessaries of life. I began to be very greatly discouraged. One evening I sat moodily near the place where I had been working. I had lost all hope. For three days I had gained absolutely nothing.

"Buenos dias, Señor."

Looking up I saw the Spaniard. I bowed and was silent.

"You have a very deep hole there," he said.

"I should think so," I replied.

"Are you encouraged, Señor? Pardon me, but you look disheartened, I think."

"I have reason to be. I have gained nothing. I must leave this place."

The Spaniard's eye lightened up. "No, Señor, do not."

"Do not?—why should I waste my time longer?"

"One must be patient, Señor."

"Yes, but patience has its limits."

The Spaniard gave me a look of the deepest meaning.

"Señor," he said, "if you are wise you will wait and work yet longer."

I looked inquiringly at him, but he turned away, and before I could speak had gone. As I looked up I saw close beside me the trio before-mentioned. They had evidently overheard our short conversation. They were exchanging glances. I turned away and began to whistle. In a few moments I was at my work again and they had gone.

I had scarcely given more than a dozen blows with my pick before I heard a loud cry. I recognized the Spaniard's voice. It was in the direction of his hut. To seize my two revolvers, and to bound forward in the direction in which I heard the voice, was but the work of a moment.

There stood the Spaniard with the three men around him. He held a keen knife in his hand and stood at bay. They were all armed with axes.

"Help, Señor!" shouted the Spaniard.

"Back, you infernal fool!" cried "Sing Sing," waving me off.

"You murderous villains!" I exclaimed, leveling both revolvers. "If you don't make tracks double quick you'll never leave this place alive!"

The men fell back cowed completely by my terrible revolvers. The Spaniard smiled sarcastically, bowed to me, turned away, and disappeared among the trees. The men walked off scowling and muttering. I, too, turned away.

A week passed. I worked on. At last the hour came. Great Heavens! can I ever forget that time—the moment when the hopes of years, the longings of a lifetime lay fulfilled before me!

It was sunset. The clouds were all aflame. The river rolled gloriously by. The trees tossed up their branches in the evening wind as though bidding the day farewell; from the forest came a burst of melody.

There I stood, a rough, ragged miner, in the bottom of a deep, wet, muddy hole. There I stood with thrills of rapture shooting through me. All my soul entranced, all my gaze riveted on one glittering mass at my feet.

I was master of wealth untold!

After the first burst of joy a revulsion came. I had found my treasure, but how could I secure it? How could I carry it away unseen? Where should I take it? Or, if I did not carry it away, where should I hide it?

These thoughts flashed with the rapidity of light through my mind. I stood now overcome with perplexity.

I heard a movement above me. Looking up suddenly I thought I saw a dusky figure glide among the trees. "Is that Nigger?" I thought.

It was a lonely place. There were the trio and the Spaniard—no other neighbors were near. The first were dangerous, the latter helpless. My strength lay in myself. My resolution was soon formed. I would bury as much of my treasure as I could carry in my tent, cover up the hole, and watch all night.

It was ten o'clock before I had buried all that I wanted in my hut, and covered up my hole to my satisfaction. The intense excitement of the occasion already began to have its effects. I fancied I heard footsteps. A moment after I reached forth to get my revolvers, which, in my hurry and agitation, I had left in my tent some hours before.

The weapons were gone.

A cold sweat burst out upon me. I rushed back to the hole, hoping to find them there. A tall figure stood there. He had my pistols in his hands, displaying them with a triumphant gesture to two others.

It was "Nigger," with "Sing Sing" and "Pirate."

"I am lost!" I groaned. "To stay here is death, to go back to my hut is destruction. I am unarmed. These men would think no more of killing me than of crushing a fly." These thoughts came and passed in a moment.

Where should I go?

I could only think of the Spaniard. Without giving another moment's thought I turned and fled. My movements were seen. I was discovered. With a loud and savage shout they ran after me. Six bullets whistled past my head, but fortunately none touched me. If ever fear lent wings it was at that moment. I bounded along the path and down the hill and up on the other side toward where the Spaniard lived.

I heard them call on me to stop.

"Never mind," cried another voice, which I recognized as that of "Pirate;" "we'll get them both together this time!"

On, on I ran. The clatter of footsteps was close behind.

With the frenzy of desperation, I rattled at the Spaniard's door. My pursuers were close upon me.

"Let me in! Save me!" I shouted.

Hurried footsteps sounded within. The bars rattled. I heard a heavy sound, I was pulled violently inside, the door was banged to and secured just as the eager blows of my pursuers fell upon it.

"Just in time!" he murmured, breathlessly. "Up stairs, quick!"

He held a lantern in his hand. By its light I saw a rude ladder which ascended to an opening above. I clambered up as I was directed. The Spaniard came up after me.

"All right," said he, as he gave me a meaning glance.

The men below had dealt some tremendous blows at the door, which yet held on, however. I heard them eagerly shouting to one another. They said not a word to us. "No quarter" was their motto.

A few minutes of silence elapsed. They had gone off. They soon returned, however. I heard their heavy steps.

"This 'll fix 'em," said one.

A moment after a terrific blow, as if dealt by some huge beam, struck the door. The hinges yielded. But in a moment a tremendous growl sounded out and drowned every other sound. It was a wild, deep, terrific roar. My blood ran cold within me. I had heard the sound before, but never so near. Then there arose to heaven shriek after shriek, and piteous calls for mercy.

The only answer was the terrific roar which had first sounded, and sounds as of breaking, crushing bones. In a few minutes all was still. The Spaniard descended. He was not gone long.

"It's all over!" he said, returning.

I descended. There on the floor lay the mangled bodies of the three wretches, and in the corner was the gigantic form of the largest grizzly bear that I ever saw.

I left the hut and never saw the Spaniard again. In a few weeks I had my gold all safe in San Francisco, and was preparing to return to the East.

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